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**America's Youth Asks:
SEX EDUCATION, PLEASE!"**

page 73

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FRITZ BAMBERGER

Managing Editor:
JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Art Director:
GEORGE SAMERJAN

Associate Editors:
PIERCE FREDERICKS
BERNARD L. GLASER
CAROL HEGGEN
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ISABELLA JONES
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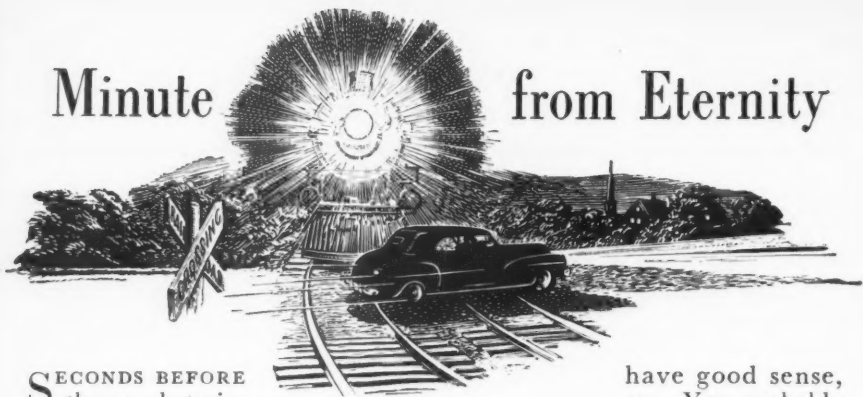
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Minute from Eternity



SECONDS BEFORE the crack train, Gold Coast, reached the crossing, a car darted onto the tracks. For an instant that seemed an eternity to the men in the locomotive, a crash seemed inevitable. Then, with inches to spare, the car and its two passengers reached the other side of the tracks safely.

Almost every trainman has, at one time or another, known the helpless horror of such near-disasters. It is a feeling he would rather forget. But this time, the fireman on the Gold Coast decided to do something about it. A few days later, the letter which he sent to the editor of the *Omaha World-Herald* was given front-page space. Addressed to the driver of that car, it holds a message for everyone:

"I don't know who you are, but I do know that you were scared to death Sunday evening near 9 o'clock when you drove your car directly in front of a speeding train. It was so close that I, in the cab, could see the young girl (your sweetheart, I presume) throw her hands up in front of her face and cringe against you in stark horror.

"If I were that young girl, I'd pull away from you fast. You don't

have good sense, son. You probably say you love her. I

wonder. Those we love we try to protect. But not you.

"Wouldn't that have been a nice present to hand your mother—a broken and battered body? And how do you think we in that cab of that engine would feel? We are human beings, too. We have young ones waiting at home. We, too, could have been killed because of your bad judgment.

"You and your girl were one second from eternity, son. I hope that you read this and know it is meant for you, and that your girl will read it, too. Next time you go driving around, stop and look. We don't want to hit you but we are helpless as we cannot swerve from our given rail.

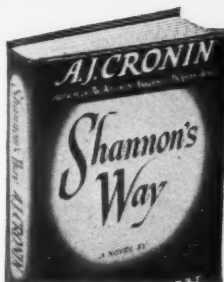
"If I were you, son, I'd thank God for that split second he granted you Sunday.

"I said a prayer when I realized you were going across. Perhaps that's what saved us all.

"Now think it over. And please, for God's sake, don't try it again."

—*Public Safety*

Publication of the National Safety Council



Dr. Cronin's best novel-America's top best-seller!

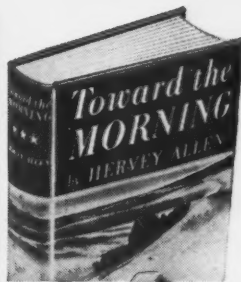


He was Dr. Shannon, the brilliant young research scientist; she was just a beautiful girl named Jean Law, one of his students. *What happened when they fell in love?* Says Dr. Cronin: "I am inclined to give my new book precedence over 'The Green Years' and 'The Citadel'!" Publisher's edition, \$3.00.

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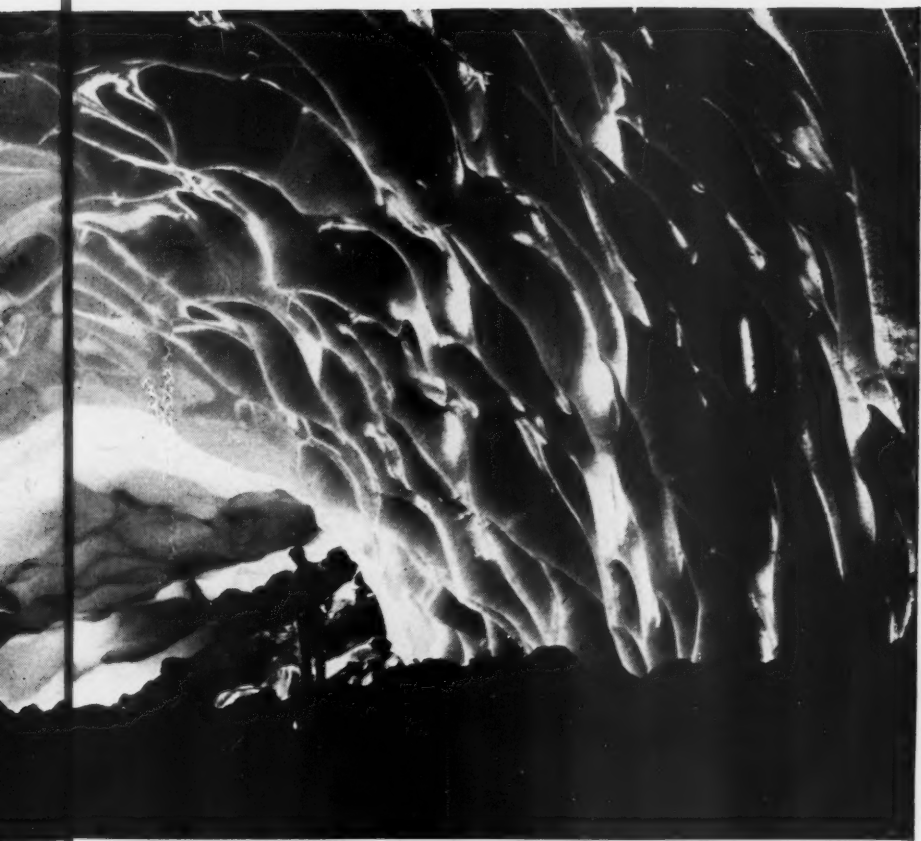
Underworld of Ice

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, the towering mountain blew off its head in a final gesture of volcanic defiance. Then, broken by its own violence, it gradually succumbed in the enfolding arms of glacier ice.

Today, Mount Rainier, rising above Puget Sound in the State of Washington, is America's last stronghold of glaciers. For centuries they

have eaten deep into the rocky giant, and have flowed in frozen torrents from its peak, grinding the mountain away until it has now lost one-tenth its original height and one-third its bulk. Yet Rainier remains one of the earth's mighty peaks, rearing more than 14,000 feet into the sky.

Of its numerous glaciers, some



are moving rivers of snow compressed together into masses of ice weighing millions of tons. Others, like Paradise Glacier, in which the ice caverns (*above*) appear, are sleeping remnants of massive glaciers which, in ages past, exhausted their power.

These magnificent caverns appear sporadically at the point from which Paradise River flows from the glacier, and achieve their greatest beauty toward the end of summer. Often hundreds of feet long,

their cathedral-like domes are alive with color. Strange blues and shimmering pinks ripple along the icy walls where clefts in the dome admit the rays of the sun.

Inside the caverns, it is easy to imagine yourself lost in an endless frozen world. Yet less than 100 feet away, alpine meadows blaze with wild flowers that march fearlessly to the glacier's edge and often blend with the snow in an intimate meeting of the children of the sun and the storm.



La Belle PANTS

CYCLING THROUGH the Chateaux country of France just before the war, I pedaled into a heavy thundershower near the small town of Langeais. Soaked to the skin, my knapsack a soggy mass, I turned for shelter to a typical wayside inn. A crackling fire blazed in a courtyard where a buxom, smiling Frenchwoman and a girl in her teens were busily boiling clothes.

After the usual profuse greetings, I asked the pleasant Frenchwoman if I could have lunch and a blanket to wrap up in while my clothes dried near the blaze. "But of course," came the sympathetic answer, and soon I sat in a comfortable room, savoring a flaky omelet and sipping spicy wine.

Just as I was taking a mouthful of the appetizing omelet, a pierc-

ing scream sent me back to the courtyard. A broken clothesline dropped disconsolately in the fire, and on the end of it dangled the charred remains of all my clothes except a khaki shirt. Tears stole down the older woman's cheeks, but the girl proved more capable of coping with the disaster.

She plucked at her figured skirt. "If monsieur would not mind . . ." she said blushing. "It is of course better than nothing . . ."

So on to Tours I cycled, wearing that gracious little lady's brightly figured skirt, a khaki shirt, and a battered felt hat. And whenever I came abreast of passers-by on the road, they would flash a merry smile and shout, "Bonjour, mam'selle! Bonjour!"

—GEORGE HENHOEFFER

Shirley Talbott's smile wins title —"America's Loveliest Model"



Shirley Talbott, Conover Model, had just made her professional debut when she was named "America's Loveliest Model" in a nationwide contest. A year later, she dazzled the beauty judges again to become "America's Dream Girl."

But one successful career isn't enough for Shirley. She is studying dramatics, looking toward the stage and screen. Wherever she goes Shirley's winningsmile will never be outsparked—it's a Pepsodent smile! "I brush my teeth with Pepsodent twice a day," Shirley says. "That's one beauty rule I never break!"

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Like Shirley Talbott, people all over America prefer New Pepsodent with Irium for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—in recent tests, families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with tooth pastes they were using. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner, teeth brighter than any other they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



ANOTHER FINE
LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT



The Beginning of BOYHOOD

ADORNING THE WALL of many a nursery room in and around New York City is an official-looking document entitled, "Graduation from Babyhood." It reads something like this: "This is to certify that Bobby Smith has been

awarded this diploma for graduation from babyhood, having bravely submitted to the shears of our barber and received his first haircut on this 14th day of December, 1948." Affixed to the lower right-hand corner of the document is a

cellophane-encased ringlet of the young "graduate's" hair, surmounted by the official blue-and-silver seal of Charles of the Ritz Children's Barber Shop at B. Altman & Company, department store.

Souvenir of a big moment in the life of the small fry, the diploma tactfully omits mention of the duress under which it was probably earned. For on their initial visit to the Children's Barber Shop, most toddlers sob, scream and kick before finally hiccuping into gentle submission.

Patient barbers try to divert the more-forlorn young customers by pointing out the clown painted on the wall, telling stories, or presenting them with a small pair of scissors of their own. Plastic and harmless, these miniature clippers convince the youngster that having his locks shorn is not painful after all. Final reward comes as the baby, now unmistakably a boy, is given a lollipop or a blue balloon.

Occasionally the change in his appearance provides the best bonus for the small client. Reactions to that first glimpse of a mirror after the tonsorial operation vary all the way from aloof indifference through active delight to plain disbelief.

On a recent Saturday morning, a curly-topped two-year-old named Johnny sat manfully through the procedure while his mother and his "grown-up" four-year-old brother, Billy, looked on. When his hair had been sleeked back, Johnny was told to look in the mirror. His mother, with a catch in her voice, asked proudly, "Now, who's that big boy?"

Little Johnny studied his reflection thoughtfully for a moment or two. Then he grinned broadly at



his older brother and announced in firm tones, "It's another Billy!"

But the "big boy" look, though it may delight the youngster, is the cause of one of the barber's biggest problems—one that balloons or lollipops can't solve. For sobs and sniffles on the occasion of the first haircut sometimes come from the parents as well as from the kids. Yet, to date, no barber has figured out how to keep mothers from leaving the shop with tear-stained eyes and a sad realization that yesterday's baby is tomorrow's young man.



WINNING COMBINATIONS:

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor

FEW AMERICAN success stories can outshine the enchanted spell that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell cast over the closing years of the fabulous '20s. Wearing a wistful smile, diminutive Janet Gaynor played the perfect lost waif to the Sir Galahad of the strapping Farrell. Their sentimental triumph in *Seventh Heaven* wrenched tears from movie-goers, and touched off such romances as *Street Angel* (above), *Lucky Star*, and their sound hit, *The First Year*.

Audiences loved them no matter

what they played, but sighed with disappointment when their favorite screen lovers failed to marry each other in real life.

Today, Janet Gaynor is married to Adrian, the famous Hollywood dress designer. She dropped out of pictures shortly after her sensational comeback in *A Star Is Born*.

And Charles Farrell has earned lasting fame in the movie colony as the distinguished owner of the exclusive Racquet Club in Palm Springs, where he plays genial host to the glittering stars of today.

Perk up your old piano with a new kind of fun!

It's loads more fun to play your piano and at the same time play either a violin, trumpet, sax, or even a cello solo!

You can do these amazing things with a Solovox added to your piano. The Solovox adds a second keyboard on which you play oodles of different instrumental solo effects to your own piano accompaniment.

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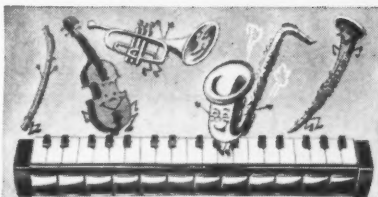
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Man of Mystery: TREBITSCH-LINCOLN

WHEN AND IF cancer, or a Japanese bayonet, put an end to the career of Ignatius Trebitsch-Lincoln, the world lost a truly fantastic adventurer. Born Ignaz Trebitsch in Paks, Hungary, in 1879, he was known as Timothy Lincoln, Dr. Tendler, Herr Tolnai and the Abbot Chao Kung. He was at various times an actor, a clergyman, spy and spy-master, member of the House of Commons, forger, revolutionary, writer and mystic. He appeared and disappeared throughout the world like a jack-in-the-box, and although he is supposed to lie in

an unmarked Chinese grave today, there is no real assurance of the fact.

By the time he was 25, Trebitsch had been an actor, a Lutheran divinity student, a Presbyterian missionary and an Anglican minister. Suddenly, he turned about-face and left the church to enter politics, making his debut as a speaker before the English Temperance Legislation League. Then followed a period of dabbling in European intrigue, replete with roulette and lovely ladies, ending when he finally stood for the House of Commons with the endorsement of Lloyd

George and Winston Churchill.

Elected in 1910 he served his term and with the coming of World War I entered British Intelligence, neglecting to tell his superiors that he was serving the Germans in the same capacity. Finally, he decided that England was no longer the place for his talents and he picked the United States for his next endeavors.

In New York he went to work as a journalist but was soon arrested and held for extradition at the request of the British. Escaping, he went to a New York newspaper and dictated his story, while U. S. marshals combed the streets, hunting him. Rearrested, he was shipped back to England and stood trial for forgery. Sentenced to a term on the Isle of Wight, Trebitsch served three years before he was released.

Free at last, he went to the continent and immediately became the focal point for numerous attempted revolutions, during one of which his side briefly captured Berlin. Finally, his double and triple dealings, which put a price on his head in Germany and Russia and made him *persona non grata* in England, France and Czechoslovakia, forced him to leave for China. With his catlike ability to land right side up, he soon, as Herr Tolnai, became adviser to Wu P'ei-Fu, then China's strongest warlord. But the connection did not last and the Herr entered a Buddhist monastery in Ceylon, where meditation and a vegetable diet soon made him the Abbot Chao Kung.

He tried to re-enter England, but was refused permission and went to the seclusion of a temple in the Chinese mountains. Here the Abbot became a fast friend of Nischo Inoye, poet and mystic, whose relaxations

were wrestling and the Black Dragon Society, which then ran Japan. The Abbot disappeared and rumor placed him in Tibet, where the Dalai Lama was overthrown. When Trebitsch reappeared, it was at the head of anti-European guerrillas during the Japanese invasion of Shanghai. Then he was back in Germany on some unannounced mission which evidently failed, for he was imprisoned in Cologne on a bad debt.

Released, he returned to China, where he became head of an organization called the League of Truth, which preached Pan-Asia and was financed by Japanese money. He was wholehearted in his support, saying: "A new empire has arisen, a greater Japanese Empire which will surely bring about a more just, tolerable, and peaceful world than the Christians have done." Then he was off to the newly created state of Manchukuo, as adviser to the puppet emperor, K'ang Te.

With the war, the Abbot was apparently swallowed up, although in 1942 he was accused of broadcasting for the Axis from Tibet. Fighting his ancient enemy, England, and well supplied with Axis funds, the Abbot remained out of the limelight. Well after the conclusion of the war, a United Nations War Crimes Commission heard a petty criminal tell of Lincoln's activities as master of the Axis espionage in the Orient, and of his death in Shanghai in 1943, of cancer.

But his physician, who observed him daily for ten years, who saw him in 1942, and who is today practicing in New York, is dubious. For in 1942 Ignatius Trebitsch-Lincoln, the agile Abbot, had had no cancer.

The Singing Salesman



THE YOUNG COUPLE in the shop seemed uncertain as they scanned the tiers of cages filled with songbirds. Apartment dwellers, they wanted a pet, but perhaps a canary would be too much trouble.

Angelo Romano smiled, and interrupted his own singing to scratch the ears of his pet rabbit.

"You know," he said, "in all the years I have known birds and people, I have never seen an unhappy marriage where there was a canary in the house." A few minutes later the smiling couple left, gingerly carrying a bright new cage.

Born more than half a century ago in Sicily, Romano has always loved birds. As a child he used to tame skylarks and goldfinches. Some he sold, but it was always hard to part with his pets.

Today his small shop in New York supports himself and his family. Customers constantly bring him injured street birds to nurse back to health and freedom. But canaries are his special weakness.

"They are like children," he says, "full of moods. But if they become depressed, we sing together and they are happy again."

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Ice Cutter

BREAKING winter's seal on the mighty Hudson River waterway, this sturdy craft (*above*) of the U. S. Coast Guard will send thou-

sands of tons of ice crashing down to the sea as it clears this vital artery of commerce. Yet ice-breaking is routine in the dramatic record



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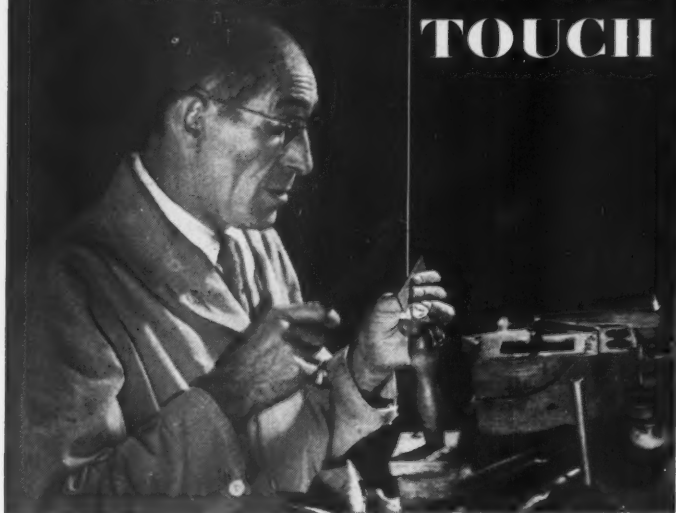
of this force that has served America for more than 150 years.


Inaugurated in 1790 by George Washington as the Revenue-Cutter Service and Lighthouse Service, the Coast Guard is America's oldest armed service afloat. Its present

title and organization were established by special act of Congress in 1915. Since then this force of fewer than 22,000 officers and men has rescued from peril at sea almost 5,000 persons every year in its ceaseless vigil over our shores.

THE MILLION DOLLAR

TOUCH



 THE ROUGH, dull-looking stone was secure in a wooden socket. Marked on its surfaces were thin black lines traced after 14 months of exhaustive study. Sweat broke out on the diamond cleaver's brow as he lifted the steel rod that would strike the wedge and make an initial cut into what was known as the Vargas Diamond. In the rough, this mammoth gem had cost its owner \$700,000.

In the next second, a dozen things might go wrong. The slightest waver could ruin months of labor. And then the rod struck. When the cleaver saw that the split

was perfect, he fainted dead away.

Such nerve-racking experiences are rare in the lives of gem cutters like Jonas Walsvisch (*above*), who works for one of America's leading jewelers. But daily they handle fortunes in gems as casually as you handle pennies. Yet, after 44 years, Walsvisch is still thrilled by a perfectly cut gem like the Vargas—or its famed predecessor, the Jonkers, which produced 12 superb gems valued at almost \$2,000,000.

"Diamonds are the earth's masterpieces," Walsvisch says. "Cutting them is like signing your name to their beauty."

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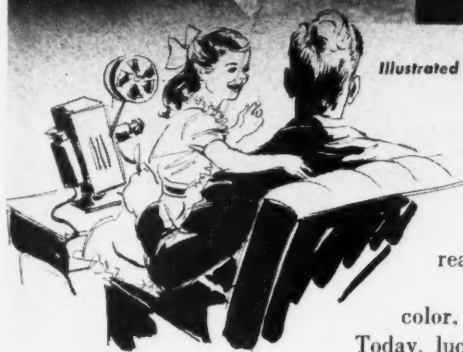
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"Oh,
now
I
see!"



Illustrated from Coronet Film — **MAN MAKES DAY**



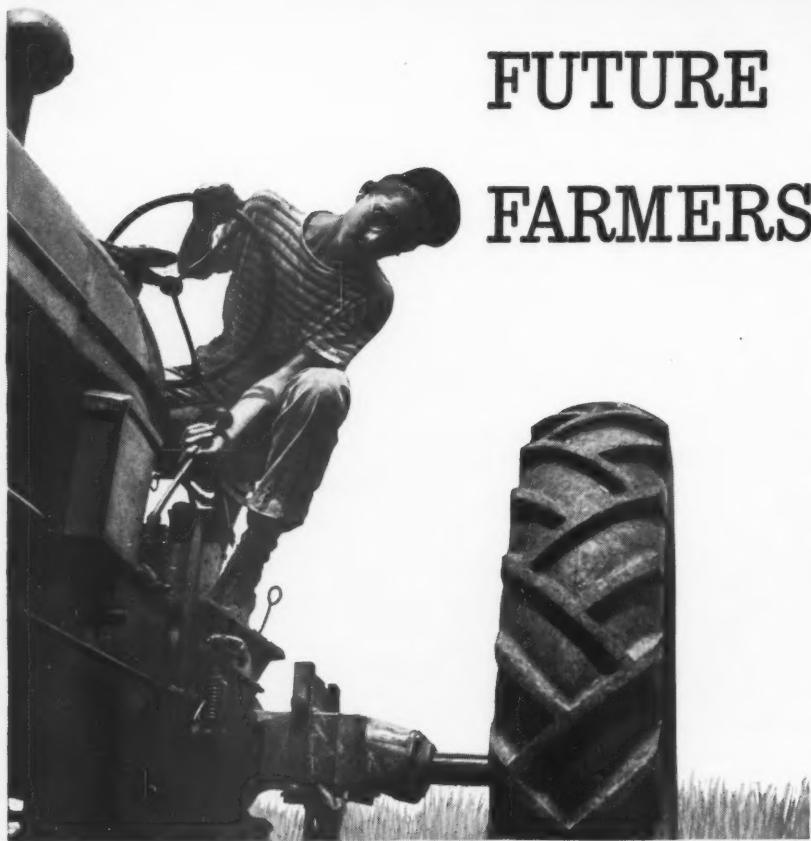
"Now I see" . . . words of
delighted understanding!

For now, through the
magic of film, youngsters
really do see. Before their eyes, les-
sons come to life in sparkling
color, in motion, and with sound!

Today, lucky youngsters can see these
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FUTURE FARMERS

SPIKE, A THIN-SHOULDERED lad of 17, had spent two years trying to make a life for himself in the city. In his own eyes he was a failure, and when he heard about the Bowdoin Farm, he enrolled with a sort of "last chance" enthusiasm. But two months of routine chores and rising at 5 A.M. left him sullen and discontented. Farming was hard work. He wanted to quit.

Then one day a brood sow he had been assigned to care for pro-

duced a large litter. Every moment Spike could spare was spent anxiously hanging over the fence, watching the lively new arrivals. As the weeks went by he gave each young pig a name, and would speak with pride of how George had grown—or how Henry, the runt of the litter, was at last sticking up for himself. They were *his* pigs, and from that moment he eagerly prepared for his career as a farmer.

Stories like Spike's are common-

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place at the Bowdoin Farm School at New Hamburg, N. Y. Its director, Frank Searles, says that although no boy is enrolled without initial enthusiasm for farming, some who come to them do not at first react favorably to farm work. Then, often overnight, they begin to take an interest. Frequently their love of animals acts as a catalyst in making the change.

The school was opened in 1929 by the Children's Aid Society of New York, and today remains one of the few schools in the country where a boy may enter of his own free will, at any time of the year, without charge. During the Depression, as many as 200 boys a year received training. The course runs six months, after which the boys are placed on suitable farms. Here they are accepted as members of the family—not hired hands. Today, their earnings average \$75 to \$100 a month above maintenance—a net income few city boys are able to match with their first jobs. Many graduates now own farms, while others have found profitable positions with dairy concerns and related farm industries.

The war disrupted the life of the school, and enrollment dwindled to almost nothing. It was then the boys demonstrated their loyalty. Letters poured in from every war theater, requesting news of the farm. One graduate wrote to ask about his favorite cow, Mary Lou. "What did you name her calf?" he wrote. "Sam promised to call her 'Thom-asina,' after me. I bet he forgot!"

During the war, the school solved its critical labor shortage with help from an unexpected source. Boys wrote asking permission to spend

their leaves on the farm. Others just showed up when they had a few days off from the Army, and pitched in to help keep the farm operating smoothly. As a result, food production remained astonishingly high throughout the war.

Many of the boys who come to the school are without families of their own, and soon regard Bowdoin as home. One graduate is still writing to Searles, although he left the school more than 16 years ago.

When a boy shows unusual aptitude for farming, and is anxious to go on to more advanced studies, the school gives every encouragement. One such ambitious boy saved carefully after being placed on a farm and, with the school's help, later was graduated from a State Agricultural College. Today he is dean of a college.

Perhaps the most striking example of the influence of Bowdoin is Sam Deitchman, who is now the farm foreman. Sam had grown up on New York's crowded East Side, and more than 40 years ago found city employment as an errand boy. It did not suit him, and one evening, after competing in a wrestling match at a settlement house, he received a suggestion from the referee—a trustee of the Children's Aid Society. As a result Sam enrolled at Brace Farm, which preceded Bowdoin as a school.

For the first few weeks the new life had little appeal. However, he stuck it out, and by the end of six months he decided he had found his life's work. He married and settled down on the farm. Now, after 40 years, he is still with the school—helping to train boys who, like himself, see a bright future in the land.

SUCCESS

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men, the trust of pure women and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory is a benediction.

- Bessie A. Stanley

CALLIGRAPHY BY PAUL STANDARD



Lonely Hearts Find Happiness



by CAROL HUGHES

THE DETROIT FRIENDSHIP CLUB is a strange and appealing experiment in human relations. Organized and conducted by the municipal Department of Parks and Recreation, it is composed entirely of friendless strangers who found themselves unable to cope with the tragic loneliness of a big city—and decided to do something about it.

With a membership which was originally restricted almost entirely to widows, widowers, divorcees and unmarried people, all over 40 years of age, the club now has some 3,000 active participants. Divided into seven units all living in the same zone areas, one group meets every night to have fun, laugh, dance, play bridge and make friends. With the slogan, "You are a stranger

only once," the Friendshippers are gradually changing the complexion of their big city and whittling it down to the friendly intimacy of a small town.

Primarily organized for fun and friendship four years ago, these once inactive people have become one of Detroit's most civic-minded groups. They have contributed hundreds of dollars to charity campaigns, have distributed books to hospitals and clothing to the poor, and have even presented new outfittings to an orphanage. Their activity is still, however, more fun than work.

"Before joining the club, the only people I ever spoke to were elevator operators, waitresses and customers at my sales counter," says a typical member. "Now I have



so many social activities and take part in so many civic projects, I hardly have time for my work."

The club had a strange beginning. One day a letter came to Jane Lee, who conducts a column for the Detroit *News* called "Experience." Signed "Reluctant Recluse," the letter said: "I am alone in your city. I have a job, but try as I will I cannot find friends. I'm a man in the 50s, very single and very solitary, once a widower and once divorced. In the years that I have gone my way alone, I have wanted desperately to find companionship. But at my age it seems very difficult. Is there no hope for us who are lost in a big city?"

Jane Lee published the message in her column and added a note: "Are there others who feel like this?" Letters began to pour in, pathetic in their appeals.

"I am a widow. All I do is work, eat, sleep and read. I can't spend all my evenings mending clothes. But I dare not write letters for fear I will let the world know how close I am to suicide."

Another said: "I am a teacher in a grade school. All I meet are children in the fourth grade. At night I go home to my room and a pork chop. Please help us, Jane."

From another widow: "I get so

hungry for companionship that I wish I could find another woman of my age and background. Jane, I would settle for one friend."

Jane Lee knew she had a problem; yet she knew, too, that she must remain anonymous, since it is a *News* rule that whoever conducts the "Experience" column must keep her identity secret, as well as the names of all correspondents. Jane took her letters and her problem to John J. Considine, general superintendent of the Department of Parks and Recreation. Considine, a gray-haired, friendly man with twinkling eyes, said:

"I could kick myself. We should have thought of the idea first, for we are being paid to do that sort of thing. Of course we'll handle it—right now!"

The Park Department had just taken over the old Grand Army of the Republic building in the heart of Detroit, remodeled the front, installed a small dance hall, added shuffleboard, Ping-pong tables, a room for chess, checkers and bridge. Considine told Jane to announce the first meeting for April 23, 1944. Then he and Edward McGowan, director of the Recreation Division, began preparing for the 200 people they expected to appear.

After arranging flowers for decorations, they asked ten girl employees of the department to serve as hostesses for the evening, with name tags and blanks to be filled out by all visitors.

Came the night of the meeting, and Jane Lee, accompanied by Considine, set out for the building. As they approached, they saw a line of people four abreast, lining the sidewalk for four blocks. Said the

innocent Miss Lee: "What is going on—something special?"

The answer was not long in coming. Streetcars were disgorging passengers at the old GAR building. Every room inside was swarming, the stairways were clogged, the flowers were crushed, the hostesses desperate—while 2,800 lonely people tried to enter a building prepared for 200.

Jane Lee and Considine were astounded. What should they do? They couldn't turn the people away. Then Considine hit upon a plan. Why not march them three blocks away to the Cass High School and take them into the auditorium?

He spoke to the hostesses and they marched down the street, telling the crowd to "follow the leader." The throng agreed good-naturedly, laughing and talking to each other, while police halted traffic. At the school, the auditorium would only accommodate 2,000 so the crowd filled the stairways, balconies and halls.

Recalling that night, Considine says: "I have been in recreation work in Detroit for 25 years, but I never saw anything like that before. To think that in the city of Detroit there were that many people with lonely hearts who came from only one announcement in one paper. We had certainly failed to recognize the need of a large segment of our population."

Considine's department, however, has not failed since. Next day they went into a huddle and decided to divide the groups into zone areas. In this way the same people could share transportation in coming to the meetings and could cultivate friendships within their neigh-

borhood circles. In addition, Earle A. Rissman was appointed to aid the groups in getting organized. Each group was told to form its own committees. If they wanted an instructor in choral singing, the Park Department filled the need. If they wanted a pianist, one was secured.

The results have been astounding. "These groups have developed the most amazing qualities," says McGowan, head of the Recreation Division. "The shyest people blossomed out as leaders. There was enough talent among them to supply all needs. Pretty soon they were engaging in all sorts of activities—perfectly confident on their own."

THE LOYALTY OF THE GROUPS to their club has never wavered—and neither has their enthusiasm. One old lady of 78 comes to every meeting, riding more than ten miles. She dances every dance until 12 o'clock, and one night brought along a friend who was in her 60s.

When Considine dropped in on one of these famous square-dance sessions, the caller's face seemed familiar. She was at least 70, but she was swinging and swaying and yelling, "Swing your partner—grand right and left, and promenade home!" He went up to her in amazement and said: "Aren't you Mrs. X who owns the apartment building on Washburn Avenue where I used to live?"

She kept on with her calling and said out of the side of her mouth: "I sure am! What's the matter—think I'm too old to have fun?"

None of the Friendshipippers are too old to have fun. No one sits back: everybody participates in everything. And from the begin-

ning, it was evident that romance would blossom. In fact, so many marriages took place that several couples called on the Park Department. Said the leader: "We can't attend our old group now, so we want a club of our own."

The department accepted the challenge and the married couples' club was organized. Then, all of a sudden, letters began to come in: "We are between the ages of 25 and 40. We can't join the over-40 club. What about us?"

And then came letters from teenage groups, saying "us too." Clubs of all ages and groups sprang up. "Today we have them from the cradle to the grave," says McGowan. "And we love it."

For club use, the Park Depart-

ment has secured high-school gymnasiums, meeting halls at housing projects, basements of churches and similar recreational space. The Friendshipders, once lonely strangers, are now a potent influence in city life. Yet registration lists are still secret and all names are kept out of print. Jane Lee's column announces the group meetings regularly. Any person may attend once as a guest, and any member may bring a guest.

"Our list of names would give a matrimonial bureau food for thought," says McGowan, smiling. "But with the group we now have, marriage is only incidental. These people come here for just one purpose—to meet other people, have fun, talk. Their life is too full now



How to Start a Club in Your Community

THE LONELINESS of old people, consigned more and more to a forlorn existence by present-day civilization, is one of today's most serious social problems. Increasingly, the aged are made to feel useless and unwanted. Yet meanwhile, medical science is steadily adding years to the average life expectancy.

Fifty years ago, only one person in 25 was over 65. Today, one in 14 is over 65, and by 1980 the figure will probably read one in nine. As the proportion of aged in our population increases, the seriousness of their adjustment problem grows.

With its Friendship Clubs, Detroit has found a partial answer to the problem. In a number of other cities, private and public agencies have formed similar organizations for the aged and those approaching old age. The enthusiastic response is pathetic evidence of the loneliness in which elderly persons live.

Outstanding programs have been carried out in Philadelphia, where some 40 clubs are now meeting under auspices of the Philadelphia Recreation Association, and in New York City, where 30 groups for old people are sponsored by a variety of

to concentrate on a single companionship."


The registration lists read like the roster of any middle-class society. Members come from all walks of life, and some are even wealthy.

One smartly dressed woman who belongs to many exclusive clubs and whose home is a Detroit showplace told a hostess: "I have more fun here than any place I go."

Having known what it is like to be alone in a big city, the Friendship-ers make certain that none of their own undergo that depressing experience again. When a member falls ill, flowers and letters start to go out. When an individual needs financial help, money is provided, each member contributing whatever his purse can stand.

"My only son was killed in an auto accident last year," one woman says. "At the time I had pneumonia and was in the hospital. I do not believe I could have lived through those days had it not been for these people. They pulled me through. Where once I didn't have a friend, now I have hundreds."

And Superintendent Considine says: "These clubs have given us a great opportunity for service. Yet it is something you can't explain to directors in other cities. I know, because I have tried. No one in Detroit need remain just a number on an apartment-house door or hear only the indistinct voices of neighbors next door. These people have roots now—and a feeling of belonging."



organizations cooperating with the city's Welfare Council. Chicago; Cleveland; New Orleans; St. Petersburg, Florida; and Vancouver, Canada, are a few of the other communities that have successful recreation programs for the aged.

Clubs meet in churches, schools, public auditoriums, Y.M.C.A.s and Y.W.C.A.s. Many are purely social; others offer opportunity for developing new interests and hobbies, for part-time employment, for contributing to community projects. But the outstanding by-product of all these organizations is friendship.

What a few communities have done should be done by others. Are there Friendship Clubs in your town? If not, you and your neigh-

bors can start the ball rolling.

Write to your local newspapers, calling attention to the need for such groups. Place the problem before local government officials or enlist the aid of men's and women's civic clubs. Work through established organizations, such as community centers or settlement houses. Solicit funds through private subscription or by affiliating the project with your Community Chest.

All the above methods have been tested successfully in various communities. Here is a chance for you and your neighbors to invest in happiness. By insuring today's old people against loneliness, you are paving the way to wider horizons for the lonely hearts of tomorrow.

Jungle Wives *with City Magic*

by WILLIAM LAVARRE

When it comes to getting what she wants, primitive woman has wiles as effective as those of her more-civilized sisters

WHILE SEARCHING for gold in the "Lost World" jungles of the Amazon, I found another treasure for civilization—a vast primeval forest of untapped rubber trees. Promptly I stopped hunting gold and did some mental arithmetic.

One man could collect enough latex to produce five pounds of wild rubber a day. A thousand men, working systematically in this virgin forest, could collect 5,000 pounds a day—or 1,000,000 pounds a year. And these wild trees could be bled for years and years!

On paper it seemed so simple that I gloated. Here in the jungle, untouched by civilization, were some 8,000 primitive Indians—the Macusis and the Wapisianas—living as generations of their ancestors had lived. When supplies of smoked meat were low, the men went hunting with spears, bows and blowguns; the women, buxom in their early teens, harvested the crops, cooked

and did all the other village tasks.

Yes, within arrow shot of the rubber forest were at least 2,000 able-bodied men, free to work at will. All I had to do was to build a big trading post and stock it with enticing trade goods, and rubber would soon be flowing from the trees, traveling down-river in giant canoes. I was a very lucky man!

That was what I thought. I selected the site of the trading post with care, cut down giant trees, built a 100-foot-long central building. Four months after the first tree was felled, the shop was festive with glistening wares—trade guns, fish-hooks, kerosene lanterns, flasks of gunpowder, brass reloading shells. For 20 kilos of rubber, a native could have a bright new gun. For just a few pounds, he could have a hunting knife or machete.

Other shelves were lined with bright-labeled tins of food, with packages of staples, with bolts of colored cloth, with boxes of candy, with cheap jewelry, scented soap and perfume.

When the doors were opened and

the Indians arrived to see the white man's wonders, there was much excitement. Macusi and Wapisiana men, clad only in loincloths, their women naked save for small bead aprons, filed through the shop, received presents, hastened home to spread the tidings and collect friends. For a week I kept open house for a stream of primitive visitors. Then, on the sixth day, a beautiful young woman arrived with a stalk of bananas slung over her bare back.

They were a present for me, she said—"A present for the White Man." Well, a present for the White Man required a present for the Brown Woman, so I cut off a three-yard strip of red calico and gave it to her.

"Ai! Aiiiii!" she cried gaily and dashed from the trading compound with the cloth trailing behind her like a pennant. Her joy was understandable. To weave that amount of cloth from her cotton harvest would have required many days of work at the loom.

The gift of calico was my first mistake. Soon other women, eager to get bright cloth by merely chopping a stalk of bananas from their bountiful trees, came in by the scores. Bananas, bananas everywhere—but what I wanted was not bananas, but rubber!

"No more bananas!" I insisted. "*No more bananas!*"

But it did no good. Macusi and Wapisiana chiefs, gaily decorated with feather crowns, arrived at the post flanked by wives and daughters—and every woman was bringing more bananas.

"No-no!" I repeated. "I am *not* in the banana business!"



Instead, I told each chief to select ten men and follow me into the forest. I would show them what they could collect and exchange for my goods. The men grouped around their chiefs and we stalked into the half-light of the jungle.

At the first rubber trees, the Indians watched as I nailed a small bucket to the bottom of the trunk, then cut canals through the thick bark as high as I could reach. White latex began to flow quickly,

dripping into the bucket. Then I moved to other trees, repeating the procedure.

The Indians watched my every action in silence. Finally I began pouring latex from each tree into a pail. Then I squeezed a line to start coagulation and soon I was molding a ball of white gum. This was passed for inspection from Indian to Indian.

"Here is what I want!" I said eagerly. "Let Macusi and Wapisiana men collect r-u-b-b-e-r, and you can have anything you want from my post!"

BACK AT THE TRADING station, the Macusi and Wapisiana chiefs held a long conference, punctuated by much headshaking. Finally the two chiefs announced that they could not collect this stuff I wanted. The harvest season was pending and the women had all the work they could possibly handle.

"But I don't want your women to collect rubber," I argued. "Rubber collecting is a man's job!"

But I was talking to a deaf audience. The men began collecting their women and children, and soon not an Indian was left at the post. My dream of making tons of

precious rubber flow out of this wilderness was fast fading.

"Well, Hip Sing," I said consolately to my Chinese assistant, "my rubber program has bounced right back at me!"

"Velly lazy!" he grunted. "Injun

feller alltime velly lazy. Mus' catchum idea for *make* Injun feller work!"

But catching an idea turned out to be difficult. I had plenty of them, but the male Macusi and Wapisianas had the same answer to all my pleas or bribes.

"Woman's work!" they chorused.

They insisted that if men started collecting latex, soon the women would expect them to press the juice from sugar cane, too. Once started on woman's work, a man would have no more peace.

Here I was in the middle of a million-dollar industry, without a single man who wanted to be industrious. I had a brand-new trading post piled high with trade goods, but no customers. Then, during the third week of no business, I noticed that Hip Sing was smiling to himself and rearranging the display shelves.

He took down all the guns, fish-hooks, lanterns, hunting knives and canned foods, and put them in the storeroom. From the walls he hung Mother Hubbard dresses—then he lined the shelves with jewelry, perfume, soap, combs, rayon, needles, thread, ribbon. He even spiced the air with perfume spilled on a couple of sponges.

"A sweet-smelling place!" I said. "What's the idea?"

"Boss wan' catchee lubber?" he asked. "Injun all same like people! You wait!"

No sooner had he spoken than I saw a canoe headed for the clearing, loaded with Indian women—and bananas.

"No more bananas!" I told Hip Sing. "Chase them away!"

But his Oriental mind was deaf to my command. Hip Sing wel-



comed the women with his biggest smile, escorted them into the shop, opened bottles of perfume for them to sample generously. Then he unwrapped cakes of soap, handed out mirrors, put rings on the women's fingers, strung imitation pearls around their necks.

For two hours he and the women talked and laughed together. Then the Macusi and Wapisiana beauties were no longer naked. Each had a new Mother Hubbard dress billowing over her body. Suddenly they all shook hands with Hip Sing and rushed gaily back to their canoe—loaded with gifts as well as their unwanted bananas.

"Hip Sing!" I yelled at him. "What do you mean—giving away my trade goods!"

"No, Boss!" he replied. "Tlade goods no good here in shop alltime alone. Much better have tlade goods walking 'round Injun places—where plenty Injun womans see! You wait! Me fix Injun mans plenty!" And he grinned broadly.

For ten days I was an increasingly anxious trader—without a single paying customer. Then a brilliant Sunday dawn ushered in a new era in this primitive jungle.

"Boss!" Hip Sing said as he shook my hammock to awaken me. "Look what Injuns bring!"

In his hand was a large ball of rubber. "Womans go to lubber tlee, Boss!" he explained excitedly. "Womans catchee lubber—womans want dlasses!"

In the shop, four Macusi women were examining Mother Hubbards. Hip Sing had no trouble getting them to accept, also, cakes of soap and flasks of perfume.

"Stop!" I cautioned him. "The

rubber they brought is worth only a dollar or so . . ."

"We make *big* deal!" Hip Sing said. "Me give Injun womans tlade goods now—tomorrow womans make mans go work, catchee plenty lubber!"

The women clutched their treasures, ran through the compound and disappeared into the forest. In the afternoon other women arrived, but Hip Sing gave them nothing—they had brought no "lubber."

"Lubber! Lubber!" Hip Sing repeated to the empty-handed women. Disappointedly they left, as naked as they had arrived.

"Want dless?" he called after them. "Catchee mans, catchee lubber—get plenty dless!"

TWO DAYS LATER an old man arrived, followed by a wife and two daughters. He stomped up to the counter and produced a heavy ball of rubber from the packbasket of his wife.

"Our first man-customer!" I chuckled gleefully.

He was a very old Indian, and quite quarrelsome. I had caused him much trouble, he complained. There had been peace in the forest before I arrived—before I arrived with dresses, sweet-smelling water, and things women could see their faces in. He had never worked so hard in his life!

He quarreled with me and he quarreled with his wife and daughters. But they paid no attention to him. They were happily at work with Hip Sing making their selections and paid no attention.

"He-heeee!" Hip Sing gloated as he placed the rubber on a shelf. "One woman catchee dless, other

womans mus' catchee dless too!
One Injun man work, all Injun
mans mus' work."

Soon I saw that this forest primeval, in which men had lived happily and lazily while women did all the work, was being changed. Women began nagging their husbands. As Hip Sing said, when one woman possessed a treasure, all the other women wanted one too. Unhappy women make an unhappy village—so, in self-defense, more and more men began going into the rubber groves. My trading post was no longer deserted.

For a few weeks we received rubber in exchange only for the things the women wanted, but gradually some of the more self-assertive men began asking for masculine goods. Hip Sing brought the "man-things" back from the depths of the storeroom and gave them equal display with the "woman-things." Soon, the husbands were adorned in big black hats, yellow shirts, wide belts studded with brass rivets.

The first boat to take rubber out to civilization—six months after the first tree had been felled for the post—carried an order for more perfume, dresses, jewelry, mirrors. And it carried an order for "man-things" too—guns, shot, powder.

Business in the jungle began to boom. Rubber arrived at the post each day. I sent down-river for six bigger canoes, for equipment to build a radio station, for a dozen carpenters. Civilization at last had taken root, under the primitive roof of the jungle.

The Indian women, though they worked, paddled canoes or walked through the forest trails as naked as their ancestors, now stopped just

out of sight of the trading station, bathed, and slipped into calico dresses, put on jewelry, dabbed perfume on their faces.

They arrived in the shop smelling sweeter and sweeter, their hair glistening with scented pomade.

In the primitive villages where light had been created for generations from cotton wicks twisted into gourds of coconut oil, my kerosene lanterns began to burn. Finally, the tribes even stopped planting sugar cane. It was much easier for the husbands to collect rubber and exchange it for pure white sugar.

HIP SING SURVEYED the growing industry of the Indians with Oriental glee. His counting beads added up, each week, increasing counter profits for his skillful trading. He had few slow-pay accounts. Canned peaches, pears, apricots and cherries were in increasing demand. Rubber was now known in the jungle as "cash-cash"; with cash-cash a once-primitive man or woman could buy many new things, and each cargo canoe returned from its down-river rush with more and greater varieties of trade goods. By the eleventh month I was displaying small gramophones, flashlights, harmonicas and accordions.

"He-heeee!" Hip Sing laughed. "Injuns getting plenty civilized!"

Rubber flowed in tons rather than in pounds. Hundreds of men who had never worked before became more and more industrious. Macusi women vied with Wapisi-ana women for the latest calico prints, then for the gaudiest rayons. Here and there among the villages, women who only a few months ago had worn no clothing began using

needle and thread to improvise dresses of gaily patterned cotton or rayon. Where once there had been only the primitive noises of the forest, the nights echoed now with jazz rhythms from gramophones.

The trading post was no longer the white man's isolated camping ground. Before our second anniversary I had a comfortable bungalow for my own privacy. There was a smaller bungalow for Hip Sing, a dormitory for the carpenters, a shop for the mechanic who had installed the gasoline generator which supplied the station with light and radio current. We were a mushroom of industry, spreading into a compact, self-contained village.

The third anniversary found most of the Macusi and Wapisiana households with sewing machines.

Modern enamelware had almost replaced the old clay cook pots. Each new boatload of fancy clothing passed quickly over the counter to eager hands.

"Injuns now plenty civilized!"

Hip Sing said as he added up his three-year earnings—enough to take him back to China for the rest of his life. I opened a bottle of ancient Benedictine, poured two glasses of the amber liquor.

"To perfume!" I said. "And women!"

Hip Sing's eyes seemed to slant more than ever.

"What wiffee wantee," he said philosophically as he sipped his Benedictine, "mans mus' workee fo' cathee. Jungle wiffee allsame like city wiffee . . . City wiffee allsame like jungle womans!"

Imagination in Words



There goes my farmer, milk pail in hand, breaking a snowy path to the barn; behind him are our seven farm cats in careful single file, each waving a graceful tail in anticipation of a warm-milk breakfast.

—MRS. H. M. BOWMAN in *Farm Journal*

Our snow man is suffering from a heat stroke: his eyes are bulging, his hat is falling off, and he's leaning heavily on his broomstick cane.

—MRS. MARY PHILLIPS in *Farm Journal*

The white fence posts of our farmstead stand as erect as sentinels in the moonlight—guarding the farm while we sleep.

—MRS. E. C. PROSCHOLD in *Farm Journal*

This morning the sharp, ill-tempered wind was receiving a well-deserved paddling from our old windmill.

—GENE FAVORITE in *Farm Journal*

The old rail fence staggered down the road and out of sight—knee-deep in snowdrifts, and carrying a full load.

—ROSALIE KONOVALSKI in *Farm Journal*

accents ARE HIS BUSINESS

by FRANK KANE



Dr. Henry Lee Smith, Jr., doesn't need a crystal globe to tell where you hail from; all he has to do is hear you talk

THE STOCKY YOUNG MAN in the back of the taxicab listened patiently while the cabby orated on every subject from the Brooklyn Dodgers to the high cost of living. Finally the young man leaned forward and said: "After coming from Hamburg, did you spend much time in Cleveland before moving to New York?"

The cab squealed to a sudden halt that threw the passenger off the back seat. Right there, Dr. Henry Lee Smith, Jr., made a mental vow never again to try his tricks on a cabby.

"How'd you know I came from Hamburg?" the driver demanded.

"By the way you talk," Dr. Smith explained. "You have some very definite traces of a Hamburg area dialect, with a Cleveland over-

lay that breaks through the New York characteristics."

The cabby eyed his fare with a mixture of suspicion and awe, then continued on his way—the latest of a long string of people to be amazed by Dr. Smith's knack for telling others where they come from by the way they talk.

Recently, when the editor of a Manhattan amusement magazine expressed some cynicism as to Dr. Smith's ability, the doctor agreed to accept the editor himself as a subject. After a brief conversation, the voice detective told the editor that he was a native New Yorker with a strong Boston overlay, and that in some way he had been subjected to a strong Russian influence. The editor sheepishly admitted that he had been born in New York, educated at Harvard and now was married to a Russian girl!

Although analyzing dialects started out as a hobby with Dr.

Smith, it is now an important phase of his work as a linguistic scientist. After his graduation from Princeton with a Ph.D. in Oriental languages in 1938, he first joined the English Department at Barnard College, then went to Brown University, where he was placed in charge of public speaking.

Part of his technique was to have students read passages into a microphone, then analyze their speech defects and mannerisms from the record. After a time he trained himself to recognize various sectional and dialect patterns, and for his own amusement he would tell the students their backgrounds.

Smith's hobby became so well-known that a radio producer built a network show around him. Here he took members of the studio audience, listened to their pronunciation of key words, and guessed their origin with startling accuracy.

It was while conducting this program that Dr. Smith became involved in the now-famous Lord Haw Haw controversy. With both British and American intelligence services trying to determine the identity of the notorious Nazi broadcaster, Dr. Smith was invited by a radio network to try his hand at analyzing Haw Haw's background from a voice recording.

Unhesitatingly he placed Haw Haw as of Irish origin, and added: "He has also spent considerable time in the United States. German is definitely a second language." The description perfectly fitted William Joyce, the British traitor then in Germany.

A few weeks later, however, when Smith heard a direct broadcast by Haw Haw, he publicly re-

versed himself, saying that the speaker was a native German with British undoubtedly a second language. Promptly a former employee of the Berlin broadcasting system wrote to Dr. Smith, informing him that this description fitted Helmuth Dietz, famous German radio mimic.

Dr. Smith was vindicated on both counts when Germany fell, since records proved that both Joyce and Dietz had broadcast as Lord Haw Haw.

During the war, the voice detective found an intimate knowledge of dialects and speech characteristics of various sections of America and other countries invaluable. It was important in devising a new system of language training that makes it possible for a foreigner to learn to speak English without an accent, and for an American to learn a foreign language with no carry-over of his native dialect.

The Special Projects Division of the Army gave him a selected group of German prisoners on which to test his new system. The results were so amazing that at the end of hostilities the State Department invited Dr. Smith to head a School of Language Training in the Foreign Service Institute, utilizing his techniques exclusively.

WHEN ASKED HOW MUCH influence parents exercise on a child's speech habits, Dr. Smith says that although a youngster may occasionally imitate a parent's vocal mannerisms, the influence is usually negligible. However, every so often a case crops up to prove the reverse.

One of his most baffling experiences occurred recently with a

young girl whose speech, to him, showed unmistakable signs of a Baltimore area dialect. Since he is himself a Baltimorean, Dr. Smith was humiliated when the girl told him that she had never been in Baltimore, that she had learned English in South America and that neither of her parents was a Baltimorean.

He felt better a few days later when the girl's aunt told him that the girl had indeed learned English in South America, but had been taught by her grandmother, who hailed from Baltimore.

In another case, Smith faced a girl who spoke a pure Cleveland dialect, yet who insisted she had never been west of the Hudson River. Subsequent questioning, however, revealed that the girl's parents hailed from Cleveland, and that each time she had come home from school with a New York expression or inflection, it had been carefully spanked out of her.

Is it always possible to identify a person's background by his speech? In about eight cases out of ten, says Dr. Smith. He has most difficulty with professional soldiers, actors, and singers with trained voices, due to the fact that when there are two or more overlays the original dialect is often wiped out.

For instance, Fred Allen, the radio comedian, has added so many overlays to his native Bostonian that little trace of it remains. On the other hand, Jack Benny is still easily identifiable as Illinois, and even an amateur can spot the North Carolina dialect in orchestra leader Kay Kyser's speech.

Recently, a would-be radio an-



nouncer was turned down by executives of a New York station on the ground that there was too much localism in his speech.

"You must get rid of all traces of regional accent," he was told. "It annoys listeners who don't happen to come from your part of the country."

The applicant indignantly denied he had any local accent, and even pointed out that he had had his voice "trained." At the suggestion of the station operator, he dropped in on Dr. Smith. The voice detective listened to the "trained" announcer, then not only told the applicant he was obviously from Philadelphia, but even told him what section of Philadelphia!

CAN ANYONE LEARN to identify a person's background by the way he speaks? Yes, says Dr. Smith—very easily. The first clue lies in the pronunciation of the words "merry," "Mary" and "marry." If the subject pronounces each with its distinctive vowel sounds, he hails from east of the Alleghenies. In the Midwest and Far West, all three words rhyme, being pronounced like "merry" in the East. In coastal New England and the Tidewater South, the girl's name would be pronounced "May-ree."

The second test for East-West is pronunciation of "water" and "wash." In the East, the first word is pronounced "waw-ter," with the lips rounded, and the second, with no rounding of the vowel, becomes "wah-sh." In the Midwest, it's just the reverse—"waw-sh" and "wah-ter." In the Far West, both vowels are pronounced

alike, halfway between the extremes of East and Midwest.

For North-South determination, the word "greasy" is the best test. North of a line very close to the Lincoln Highway, "greasy" is pronounced "gree-sy," while south of that line it is pronounced "gree-zy."

For those who are skeptical that speech differences can exist as closely as a town apart, Dr. Smith points out that although New York and Philadelphia are roughly in the same speech zone, the "gree-sy"- "gree-zy" line runs about halfway between Trenton and Philadelphia. On the New York and Trenton side, the word "on" is pronounced "ahn," while on the Philadelphia side it becomes "awn."

With all these variations, what is the proper speech dialect? Dr. Smith doesn't believe in any single standard. He thinks that anyone can speak his own regional speech effectively, and he does not join in the usual condemnation of the Brooklyn, Bronx, New England or "Deep South" accents, so long as they are natural and effective.

"Don't try to model your speech on some mythical standards for

'good' English," he advises. "And don't, as so many Americans do, render lip service to an artificial Oxford accent."

"Pattern your speech on the customs and culture of your own particular area. If your accent happens to be somewhat different from that of somebody across the Hudson River or below the Mason-Dixon Line, it doesn't matter."

What would the perfect voice sound like?

"There's no such thing as the perfect voice," Dr. Smith says. "However, if I were asked to create a composite of fine qualities, such a voice would have the diction, fluency and timing of Franklin Roosevelt; the authority of Raymond Gram Swing; the dramatic force of Winston Churchill; the punch of Walter Winchell; the charm of Helen Hayes; the tone of Maurice Evans; and the informality and warmth of Will Rogers."

"But," Dr. Smith adds, "it's a good thing that no human actually has such a compelling voice. If there were such a speaker, he could probably do whatever he liked with the rest of us."

Pandora Lifts the Lid



A MODERN FORM of torture was recently conceived by a husband who despaired of his prying, overly inquisitive wife. One day she noticed him furtively folding a slip of paper and stealthily going upstairs. She followed and watched him put the paper under his shirt in a bureau drawer. Promptly she pounced into the room.

"What is that?" she demanded.

"Nothing," he shrugged.

When he left the room she could contain her curiosity no longer. She quickly found the piece of paper, unfolded it and read: "I'll get you a fur coat if you are able to resist nosing into my bureau drawer."

The wife now has a problem on her hands. —MRS. SAMUEL S. LINDSEY

Unto death, Old Shep remained faithful to his missing "god"



In Memory of His Master

by WESSEL SMITTER

ON JANUARY 14, 1942, the little town of Fort Benton, Montana, held a funeral. Most stores were closed, classes were dismissed, and the flag hung at half-staff near the railway station. Ranchers, wheatgrowers, sheepmen came into town with their families. Section hands, railroad men, the mayor of Great Falls, and people from nearby towns arrived by train.

At 2 o'clock the funeral began. Cars and people streamed up the hill to the little railway station. Section men had dug the grave, the station agent had made the casket. A group of Boy Scouts carried it to a bluff near-by. Then the Rev. Ralph Underwood of the First

Christian Church began the sermon. He took as his text a few lines from a speech made by George Vest in 1869. It read: "The one absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous—is his dog."

As the Reverend Mr. Underwood ended his eulogy and the casket was lowered into the grave, there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowd. Old Shep was dead.

The Associated Press told of his death. Metropolitan papers carried the story. Readers in far-off places learned that the dog which met all trains in the vain hope of his dead master's return had been killed by a locomotive. Letters poured into

the offices of the Great Northern Railroad—so heavy a flood that special literature was printed to ease the job of answering questions.

When I first became interested in Old Shep, some years ago while the dog was still alive, no one could tell me the name of his master. All anyone knew was that the body of a man had been brought into town one day. Then the casket was shipped East in a baggage car.

When the train left, a disconsolate, shaggy-coated dog remained behind. That was in August, 1936, as near as Mr. Schanche, the station agent, remembers. And on the same day, the dog found shelter beneath the baggage platform—a spot that was to become his home for six long years. From this spot he ambled forth with new hope each time a train pulled into the station.

The dog was plainly not a town animal and the smells and sounds of trains must have been terrifying at first. But he quickly learned to ignore freights, in favor of passenger trains. Then he would leave his shelter, amble the full length of the cars and search the air with his nose. When the train steamed out, Old Shep settled down dispiritedly to wait for the next.

When cold weather came, Mr. Schanche tried to make a home for the dog in the station, but Old Shep preferred to be where he could keep an eye on the tracks.

"I got to thinking," Mr. Schanche once remarked, "that what the old boy missed was sheep. A band of sheep came by here one time, and Old Shep came to life. I let out a yell and he took off across the tracks. Well, I thought, that's the last I'll see of Old Shep. But

that night, when the 10:17 came in, he was back."

Before the war, I made several trips across Montana by way of the Great Northern, and each time the train stopped at Fort Benton, Old Shep was there. Each time, as the train pulled out, Old Shep, tail drooping, could be seen trotting back to his shelter.

One time, as the train left Fort Benton, a group of us were in the smoking room. One elderly man had been a rancher, one was a Californian and one was a salesman.

"That Old Shep," the salesman remarked, "is a one-man dog—and that man is dead."

"Yes," said the Californian, "but what kind of man do you suppose owned that dog? He must have been something extra."

This started the rancher on a discussion about sheepherders.

"Here in Montana and Wyoming," he said, "a sheepherder's life is the loneliest in the world. They'd all go crazy if it wasn't for their dogs. Without a dog, no man could put up with a couple of thousand dumb sheep and stay sane."

"Yes," said the Californian, "and without a man, I guess it'd be a pretty tough life for a dog."

"A dog is the only animal who's seen his god," the salesman said. "I guess Old Shep has seen his."

"Maybe," said the rancher. "But I wonder what kind of god it was? More'n likely he was just an ignorant old sheepherder."

"To you, maybe," countered the salesman. "But who knows what he was like to that dog? Maybe you have to be a dog to really size up a sheepherder. . . ."

In the months that followed this

train conversation, I traveled about the sheep country, asking an occasional question about Old Shep. But I got nowhere until a year after his death, when I happened to be waiting for a rail connection in the little town of Medicine Bow, Wyoming. A lot of sheep were there, waiting to be shipped, and four sheepherders sat about a small fire. While killing time I paid them a visit, and led up to the question of Old Shep's master.

"I knew him," said an elderly man with long gray hair. "I was camped near him one summer on the Big Sandy. Some kind of foreigner, he was. They called him Tony. He used to go to town on a spree every two-three months. The way I figure, that dog of his must have thought he'd gone off on an extra-long spree."

"What sort of man was Tony?" I asked.

"He was ignorant," said the man. "He had tuberculosis and wouldn't go to a doctor. When he died they hauled him into town on a truck."

There was a pause, and then the old man continued.

"He invited me for dinner one time, but I said 'No thanks.' He had two sick lambs in his wanigan, and there was an old ewe with a

sore nose. A rattlesnake bit her, he said. And you know what he was doing? Nursing that old ewe like she was a baby . . . Yeah, that Tony sure was dumb."

When the old man finished, I felt depressed. I had figured that Shep's master must have been something extra—something special in the way of a man. Then I thought of what the salesman had said in the smoking room.

"Maybe you have to be a dog to really size up a sheepherder."

Maybe that was it. Old Shep had seen his master carry the sick lambs into his living quarters; perhaps he had watched him save the life of the old ewe. Being subject to the same hazards of the plains, these things may have held a special meaning for Old Shep. But whether or not he was able to make these interpretations, I preferred to believe then—and still do—that Old Shep had seen his god and not just an itinerant old sheepherder.

Today there is a monument above Old Shep's grave. At night a floodlight illuminates it and travel-weary passengers gaze at it from their windows and marvel at the story told them by trainmen—the true story of a faithful dog's enduring hope that one day his god and master would return.

Point of View

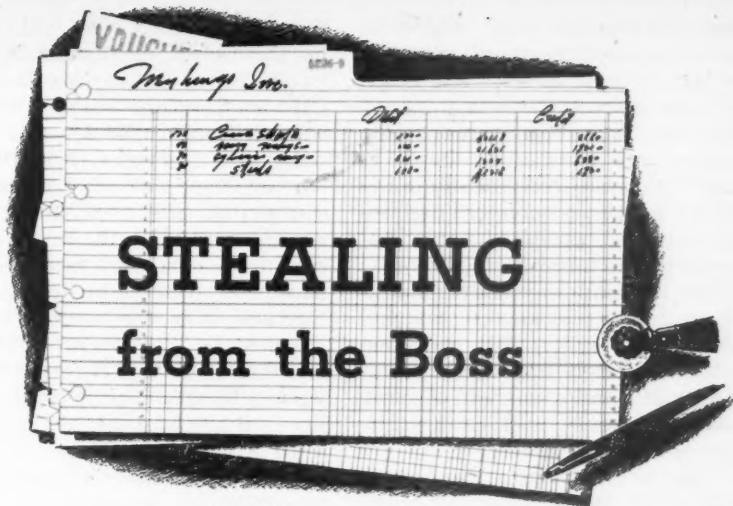


THE VISITOR TO THE HOUSE noticed that little Robert was carefully picking up his toys from the floor. The visitor approached the child and remarked: "Your

mother must have promised you something for doing that."

"No," replied Robert, soberly, "but she promised me something if I didn't."

—DAVID DEUTSCH



by MARTIN ABRAMSON

Embezzlement is a major problem costing U. S. business a half-billion dollars a year! Here's what can be done about it

EARLY ON A HOT SUMMER day, a police captain stepped from a factory doorway and pounced on a young employee toting some apparently empty cartons off the plant grounds. As soon as the handcuffs stopped clicking, the captain poked through the cartons.

"You sure have plenty of oil-burner parts here," he remarked.

To the horror of company officials, the thief turned out to be a trusted worker who was slated to receive a bonus for reporting to work an hour *early* each day. Actually, he had been using this precious hour to pack and remove machine parts valued at thousands of dollars.

At about the same time, a railroad executive vacationing in Florida was discovering that the ab-

sentee owner of the resort at which he was staying was an agent for his railroad. He hurried home to find out that the agent had stolen \$25,000 in company funds in order to build up a little Florida empire.

Are these isolated cases? Hardly. The thefts of goods, money and tools by slick-fingered employees zoomed to astounding heights last year. Despite attempts in many cases to hush the situation for fear of unwelcome industrial publicity, it is known that some 500 inside thefts costing \$1,750,000 are being committed each working day, and that the annual total now touches the \$500,000,000 mark.

Every class of worker and business is represented on the theft roster. Even a judge with a record as a stern disciplinarian of criminals—P. James Pellicchia of Trenton, New Jersey—confessed last July to embezzlements totaling \$630,000

from the family's bank, which he served as vice-president and counsel. The money, he said, was stolen to cover losses at the race track.

In the New York area alone, such varied embezzling items as these have appeared recently in the press: "Employees charged with removing rare drugs and medical supplies from hospital stock room"; "Plant foreman and laborer arrested on charges of stealing alcohol from employer"; "FBI receiving unusually large number of complaints of employee theft of nails, flashlights, tools, hack saws, screw drivers and chisels."

"During the past year," says Richard T. Wood, manager of the American Surety Company Fidelity Department, "we have received employee-theft claims for the loss of aspirin, automobiles, barley, cod-liver oil, face powder, feed, shaving cream, tooth paste and typewriters. Why, we even had a building superintendent who defrauded his boss by selling the radiators and washbasins of a vacant building."

These embezzlements are difficult to control because business inventories are always susceptible to errors. Many big producers take inventories only once a year of the millions of parts that pass through their plants, and such legitimate items as spoilage, breakage, rejects and "seconds" can be used to throw management off the scent of inside hauls or bookkeeping chicanery.

But an even more significant consideration is this: most thefts are not perpetrated by employees with shadowy backgrounds but by trusted personnel with long and faithful records. When they are brought to book and confront the employer

they have ruined even while ruining themselves, the situation is likely to be steeped in heartbreak.

In one recent case, a trusted woman bookkeeper for a modest-sized firm squandered \$40,000 of her employer's money before being discovered. She drew a four-year prison term, but the man whose confidence she had betrayed did not live to see her sentenced. Shocked over the wreckage of a business he had spent a lifetime creating, bedeviled by creditors, he walked to the ninth floor of his office building and jumped to death.

In a Midwest village, violation of trust by a citizen of impeccable reputation made a shambles of the community. This man had begun his career as a bank clerk, had become president of the bank and village treasurer, and had brought the village the hum of prosperous industries. But one day he called on the bank commissioner and poured out an appalling story. He had lost heavily in the stock market, had stolen \$75,000 from the bank, from local fraternal groups, from school funds. To the stunned inhabitants of the village, this "impossible" financial disaster rivaled an epidemic of disease.

In the case of one of the greatest of modern-day embezzlements—the theft of \$3,600,000 from the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company—it is interesting to note that when evidence of the swindle was brought to one of the bank's officials, he refused to believe it. He had so much faith in the accused employee—a church leader and veteran of many years of unblemished service—that he couldn't bring himself to accept the bitter

truth until the employee poured out a confession.

A survey by the U.S. Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore has uncovered the intelligence that the average embezzler is about 36 years old, has a wife and two children, and is usually regarded highly by his boss and neighbors. He may live in any state of the Union, in a large city or a village. He begins to steal only after putting in six years of exemplary service.

Parallel studies by the American Surety Company show that some employees wait nearly 30 years before beginning to steal from the boss. One case was discovered in a Southern town where a bookkeeper did not start robbing the company until 38 years after he began working for the firm!

Why do employees

whose basic instincts are apparently honest resort to theft? A nationwide survey conducted by Virgil W. Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, turned up these principal causes in order of importance:

1. Gambling
2. Extravagant living standards
3. Unusual family expense
4. Undesirable associates
5. Inadequate income

Almost every type of gambling has enjoyed a boom since World War II, and surety companies link this fact directly with the increase in employee stealing throughout the country. Slot machines, roulette wheels, dice games, horse racing—all are used as come-ons to tempt the "honest" worker into making

a fortune with the boss's money.

Often the arrogant insistence on "keeping up with the Joneses" forces a trusted employee to slip into the mire of dishonesty. In the celebrated case involving cashier William Arthur Nickel's \$800,000 swindle from the Mergenthaler Linotype Company of Brooklyn, Nickel's predilection for cabin cruisers, expensive clothes and fine jewelry was described by authorities as an important reason for the thefts. Nickel's salary was high enough to have spared him from temptation if he had not started

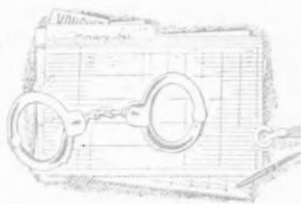
looking for the get-rich-quick angle.

Often, doting fathers may be subjected to demands from spoiled children—demands which they can't satisfy without sacrificing their souls. One gray-

haired bank executive in a small town who also served as treasurer of his church was continually being pressed for money by his young son-in-law, who lived beyond his means. The banker kept endorsing the young man's notes, then wrote personal checks against a bank trust fund to cover the obligations as they came due. Finally, he began drawing personal checks against the church account.

He was found out and disgraced in the community. Brought to trial, he was acquitted. At last report, he was a broken man, working for a pittance as a bookkeeper to support his wife, his daughter—who finally divorced her worthless husband—and two grandchildren.

Strangely enough, the employer



is sometimes responsible for his own losses by forcing an employee to adopt living standards he can't afford, in order to enhance the company's reputation. Salesmen particularly, when they have been forced to "put on the dog" as a front for their company, have been known to raid the boss's till to carry out his wishes.

Probably the most pathetic swindles are those staged to meet financial crises arising in a family. For instance, a Detroit shipping clerk found that his wife needed an operation and insisted on the services of a top surgeon. Unable to meet the surgeon's fee, he juggled his stock records until he was able to pocket the proper amount.

A \$30-a-week bank teller in Kansas was refused a loan for his wife's operation and "borrowed" the money from his till. He paid back \$10 or \$15 a week for five years,

before he was caught in the process of repayment.

The "other woman" plays a prominent role in many embezzlement cases, often in association with a Milquetoast type of bookkeeper or clerk. Employees with years of spotless records have also been known to fall in with fast-living, heavy-drinking companions who steer them to eventual ruin.

"Bad breaks seem to follow for employees, once they've made the first false step," says E. Asbury Davis, president of the U.S. Fidelity and Guaranty. "If money is taken to bet on a sure winner, the horse runs last. If taken to pay the butcher, then the grocer demands payment before the first amount can be returned to the till. Stocks purchased with the hope of recouping seem to slump quickly."

In court, embezzling employees sometimes try to justify their indis-

Petty Tricks Make Big Losses

PETTY TRICKS used to short-change the boss are such standard procedure in American business that the ordinary employee rarely thinks of them as "stealing." They include such familiar little habits as these:

Making personal calls on the firm's phone.

"Puffing up" expense accounts.

Sending personal letters on the boss's time, stationery and stamps.

Appropriating office supplies for home use.

Taking extra-long lunch hours.

Feigning sickness and using the

time off for personal reasons.

Letting equipment break down because of negligence.

Failing to shut off electric lights or other kinds of power when not actually needed.

"Oh, all that adds up to peanuts," you might say. But you'd be wrong. The personnel manager of a New York firm which manufactures electrical devices and employs 2,000 people recently checked to see just how much these "flea-bite" items were costing the firm each year. His estimate came to the astounding figure of \$14,000.

cretions by insisting that the boss actually "owed" them the stolen money. A Philadelphia cashier pocketed \$10 a week for 26 weeks when he was refused a raise which he felt was his due. A \$1,900-a-year assistant bank cashier stole another \$1,900 each year to make up for his meager salary.

Another problem is the employee who can't see how the removal of a few items of stock from a great corporation constitutes theft. Once the habit of "taking things home" is started, it becomes an almost irresistible attraction. Often the stolen merchandise is not even needed by the embezzler, but is pocketed in a thoughtless moment because he likes the idea of "getting away with something."

In two other recent cases, women embezzlers turned their proceeds over to a paralyzed man and to a church fund, respectively. Usually women are involved in these "unselfish" embezzlements because surety-company studies show that the female swindler is more prone than the male to turn thief in order to help somebody else.

It isn't just the losses themselves which hurt, in the case of an "inside" job. As one department-store executive points out, "The blow to morale hits you almost as hard. When you have thefts in one department, the section manager suspects all his men, and each suspects the others. Efficiency drops to near-zero."

ONE SURETY COMPANY estimates that there are 71 different ways an employee can steal, ranging from the simple pocketing of a tool to the most intricate accounting

manipulation. The seven most common methods are these:

Paying bills to nonexistent companies and cashing the checks with fake signatures.

Invoicing goods below established prices and getting a cash bribe.

Raising the amounts on checks, invoices and vouchers after they have been approved.

Issuing and cashing checks for "returned goods" not returned.

Pocketing the proceeds from cash sales and not recording the sales.

Collecting doubtful bills and reporting them noncollectable.

Padding pay rolls, time and production records.

What can be done to meet the growing American problems of employee theft? The first antidote is improved security precautions. Surety officials and public-accounting firms have devised a series of internal checks which, if applied properly, would go far toward preventing employee fraud. Detailed procedures for individual firms are beyond the scope of this article, but here are some general rules useful in almost every business:

1. Rigid character investigations should be made before an employee is hired for a position of trust.

2. Division of labor should be stressed, so that no single employee is assigned to record and handle all phases of a financial transaction.

3. If possible, employees should be rotated in different jobs.

4. At least once annually, statements to customers should be sent out during the vacation of the bookkeeper or cashier.

5. Countersignatures should be required on all checks.

6. Inventories should be taken

as often as possible, and by someone other than the person in charge of the stock room.

7. All invoices and statements for merchandise and supplies should be approved by the proper authority, other than the bookkeeper, before payment is made.

8. Distribution of pay-roll money should be made by someone other than the person who computes the pay roll.

Insurance is an obvious means of protecting employers against employee theft. Yet, at present, only 10 per cent of the fraud loss in America is covered by insurance, whereas for fire losses the figure is 76 per cent. Surety companies offer a variety of bonds: in some plants, coverage of just a few key individuals is deemed enough to protect the firm against losses. The most comprehensive form is blanket bonding, which covers most or all employees of a firm.

Embezzlers generally fear the relentless arm of the surety com-

pany even more than they do the traditional long arm of the law, and for good reason: the bonding firms can't afford to let a swindler get away. Recently, detectives from one company caught up with a man in Alaska who had pocketed \$20,000 of his firm's money in Atlanta, Georgia, almost 25 years ago.

Cordial relations between employer and individual employee or employee organizations is regarded as a definite factor in limiting thefts. And in some firms, a policy of selling the company's own products at reduced rates to employees has operated to keep thefts within the organization at a minimum. But even where such enlightened practice is in force, cases of employee theft are recorded regularly.

The final answer, of course, lies with the employee himself. It is necessary for each worker to re-examine his own moral values, and to remember (should temptation ever present itself) the ancient lesson that crime does not pay.



Formal to the End

AN AMERICAN RETURNED from London with this story told him by an Australian: A ship had been torpedoed during the war, and eight survivors were in one lifeboat. They consisted of two Englishmen, two Australians, two Belgians and two Americans. The eight men landed on a small island and, after the war ended, a plane

came to their rescue. The pilot found that the two Americans had subdivided the island into real-estate plots, the two Belgians had financed the development, the two Australians had built race tracks for dog racing—but the two Englishmen, formal to the end, were still sitting on a rock, waiting to be introduced. —LEONARD LYONS

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Special Feature



1949

Coronet Calendar

January 1949

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February

1949



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April

1949



49 *May* 1949

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July

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August

1949



1949

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December 1949



Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

GLARING BLACKLY at the culprit before him, the magistrate growled: "I'm told that this is the fifth person you've knocked down with your car this year."

"That's not true, your honor!" shouted the man in righteous indignation. "One of them was the same person twice!"

—HOWARD MANCHESTER

"**Y**OU SAW THIS YOUNG LADY driving toward you," said the policeman after the collision. "Why didn't you give her half the road?"

"I was going to," the motorist replied, "as soon as I could discover which half she wanted."

—JOSEPH RUDAWSKY

LITTLE ANNIE, WHO WAS an enthusiastic novice in art, had returned from a trip to the country, bringing many rural canvases. Examining these, a friend discovered that whenever Annie painted cows, she showed them standing in water. The friend asked the young artist to explain why.

At first Annie sought to evade the question, but when pressed for an answer, wryly explained, "Well, if you must know, I've never learned yet how to paint hoofs!"

—Christian Science Monitor

ONCE WHEN BOB HOPE visited the Bing Crosby radio program, he noticed a lone girl among the large orchestra on the stage. Hope walked over to her and said, solicitously, "What's the matter, honey? Did you have a fight with Phil Spitalny?"

—TIM TAYLOR

WHILE FILLING OUT a job application blank, a man came to the question: "Have you ever been arrested?" His answer was, "No."

The next question, asking "Why?" was meant for those who answered the first part in the affirmative. Nevertheless, the applicant answered it with, "Never got caught."

RICHARD G. QUISTART in *Quest*

A HUSBAND AND WIFE could not converse except in deaf-and-dumb language. One night the husband came home late, and the wife raged at him, her fingers flying a mile a minute.

Just as he raised his hands to answer her, she turned out the light.

—G. AGNEW

THEY WERE DRIVING in traffic at the rush hour with the little woman keeping up a steady stream of directions: "Watch out for that red car—," "Slow down, now—," "That car ahead is going to stop—."

Finally the husband told her gently, "Relax, darling, I have perfect confidence in you when I'm driving."

—CLEVELAND Plain Dealer

The Face of January

by HAYDN S. PEARSON

THE YEAR IS AT LOW EBB. Earth's pulse is slow and faint. Winter's scarf presses on granite-ledged mountains, boulder-studded upland pastures and river-valley meadows. Wind-sculptured drifts make pictures against stone walls and rail fences. White windrows are deep behind barns and woodsheds. Fence posts, silos and RFD boxes wear jaunty white berets.

The sun rises late and reluctantly, and paints its brief arc across the southern sky. Thin, ghost-gray silhouettes run from maples, oaks and beeches. Dark smoke corkscrews from farmhouse chimneys and floats slowly away, hyphens on the first pages of a new yearbook.

The snow shows a tangled pattern where rabbits staged a ballet in the moonlight. Beneath the weeds in the garden are tracks of wood mice; on the sidehill is an evenly gaited track where a fox circled on his morning round. Faded corn shocks rustle their furled leaves in the wind; pheasants stalk along boundary hedgerows.

There are quiet, frosty January nights when the stars sparkle through a blue-black velvet curtain and a thin sliver of silver moon rides among the street lamps of the sky. There are glory nights when the

Northern Lights shoot colored fireworks to the zenith and a white world becomes a symphony of pastel colors.

There are days when stratus clouds thicken and one can almost smell snow readying in the air. Hour by hour the shades deepen. Suddenly in the pewter-gray half-light, one sees the first flakes meandering casually downward. More warmth for earth's blanket. More shoveling to keep paths and driveways open.

Walk over the land and you can see and feel the mystery of the season. All is hushed and peaceful, yet there is promise of resurrection in tightly wrapped buds of trees and shrubs. Beneath the snow, seeds wait on life-giving soil and in the humus layer, dormant roots await a new season.

Man cuts his paths in the snow, shrinking from the edge of winter's wind. But in his heart is the knowledge that makes him kin to the magic of all life. Winter is the advance scout of nature's never-failing miracle.

The garden sleeps, but there are winter chores to do: furnaces to tend and walks to be cleared. Painting by George Mayers

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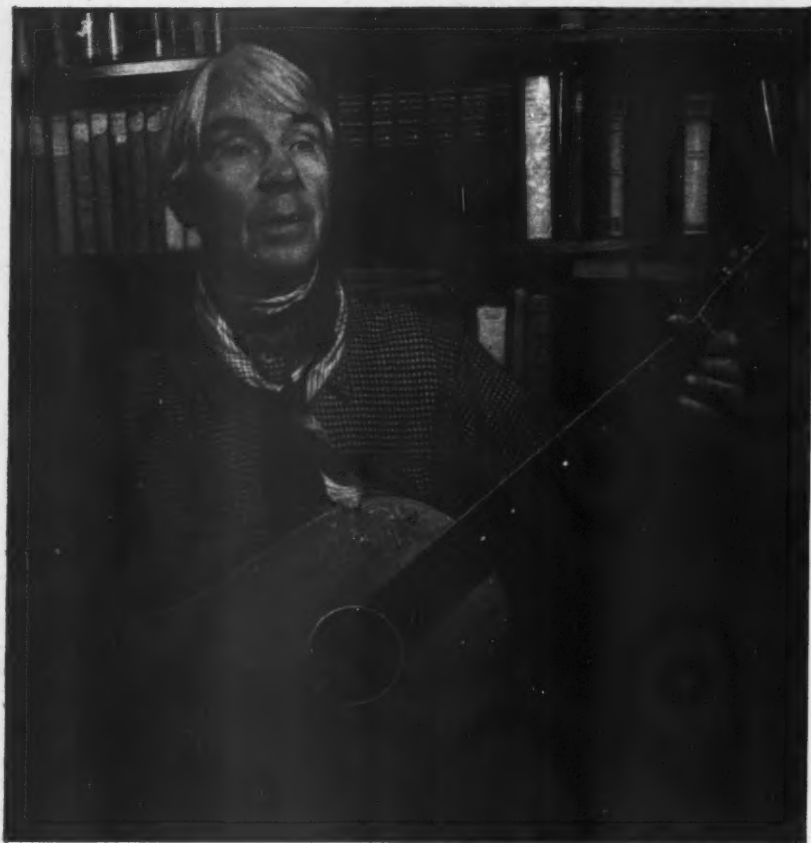
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CARL SANDBURG: *An American Legend*

by LAWRENCE LADER

CARL SANDBURG, America's uncrowned poet laureate and its most famous biographer, is the only living winner of the Pulitzer Prize and holder of honorary degrees

from Harvard and Yale who rides railroad day coaches for the simple purpose of making new friends. Since Sandburg's companions on these trips are liable to enjoy good

stories as much as good cigars, and since he has an inexhaustible supply of both, he is invariably surrounded by a small-sized convention.

Sandburg's friends, who include General Eisenhower and an itinerant Chicago fish dealer named "Peter the Gink," have reached such a staggering total that a committee, which decided to invite 70 of his closest friends to a party in honor of his 70th birthday, found themselves faced with thousands of names. At the rate Sandburg continues to roam the country and acquire new friends, one observer has estimated that they will probably include the entire U. S. population within a few years.

In the course of one day during a recent trip to New York, Sandburg covered at least ten miles. He had lunch at a ramshackle diner along the East River, worked with his publisher on proofs of his new book, walked over to Broadway to visit friends on Tin Pan Alley, had dinner at Lindy's, went to a musical comedy, and ended the evening at a Third Avenue brauhaus. Finally he retired at 2:30 A. M., after what he considers an average day for a man in his seventies.

On other occasions, instead of ending the night at 2:30, Sandburg will stop at a friend's house. Someone will put a guitar in his hands, and he will start to sing *Frankie and Johnny* and *Foggy Foggy Dew* and *The Boll Weevil*—or any one of hundreds of songs he has picked up in the lumber camps, railroad yards and wheat fields of America.

Soon word will spread that Sandburg is singing, and the room becomes packed. Between songs, Sandburg will tell how he collected them. He will tell about the time he made a special trip to the Atlanta Penitentiary to get a new song from a prisoner there, or about the old Oklahoma couple who knew dozens of songs from their youth that had never been written down.

People who attend these impromptu gatherings like to sit and stare at Sandburg. He is a big man with powerful, sloping shoulders that know how to wield an ax or a scythe. His white hair falls in two great, undisciplined locks over his forehead. His skin is weather-beaten, his eyes are bright blue. When he laughs everyone listens, because it is the kind of laughter that makes people feel good themselves.

Today, Sandburg is famous for poetry reading and folk singing on almost every U. S. lecture platform, but years back, even at such sophisticated centers of learning as the University of Chicago, he often created a sensation. On his first appearance there, Mandel Hall was crowded with distinguished faculty members, sedate in evening dress. Hundreds of students waited, prim and expectant.

Then Sandburg ambled in, his unpressed suit baggy, his shoes unshined, his white hair tumbling over his forehead. He read a few poems, reached for his old guitar, and started to sing *Whiskey Is the Life of Man*.

Sandburg has been roaming the



country since he was a student at Lombard College. Instead of waiting to graduate, he caught the smell of spring drifting across the prairies, so he hopped a freight train for the Kansas wheat fields. Ever since, wanderlust has gripped him. During the years he was collecting material for his great biography of Lincoln, he crossed the country a dozen times, poking into libraries and old bookstores, talking with Lincoln scholars and people whose families had known Lincoln.

Often he disappeared for two or three weeks at a time. And since Sandburg hates to write letters, his wife's only word of his whereabouts came in occasional notes from considerate friends in Montana, Kansas or Pennsylvania, reporting that Carl had just passed through.

Sandburg no longer needs the money that once made him one of the busiest platform speakers in the country. But he continues to roam anyway. "It's just an excuse," a friend of his said recently. "He likes to meet people, that's all."

Sandburg's friendships are not confined to adults. He has three girls of his own, and two grandchildren, a girl of four and a boy of six. It is a rule of the house that he romps with them for an hour even on his busiest days.

"Sandburg was staying at our house overnight," a friend recalled recently. "When I got up in the morning, I couldn't find him in his room. Then I heard noises from my little girl's room. I looked in and there were the two of them—



doing setting-up exercises together."

• The range of Sandburg's writings is almost as immense as his friendships. He has written six volumes of poetry, including *Smoke and Steel* and *The People, Yes*, which started a revolution in modern poetry. His monumental work on Abraham Lincoln has been acclaimed by critics the greatest biography ever written. The last four volumes, known as *The War Years*, won the Pulitzer Prize, took Sandburg some 13 years to research and write, and contain more than 1,750,000 words—longer than either the Bible or the complete works of Shakespeare. Yet, selling at \$20 a set, the books stayed on the best-seller list month after month.

Sandburg, however, is almost equally noted as a collector of folk songs, as a ballad singer, and as a writer of children's stories. His *American Songbag*, published in 1927, opened up the field of folk music and led to the present popularity of folk singers. His Rootabaga stories for children, which sold more than 60,000 copies back in the 1920s, are still among the most popular children's reading in the country. And only three months ago, he published his first novel, *Remembrance Rock*, which may catapult him at the age of 71 into the top ranks of American novelists.

On the surface, Sandburg, the son of hard-working Swedish im-

migrants, would seem to fit the Horatio Alger pattern. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth. Financial security has come to him late in life. At 48, he was still earning \$50 a week as a newspaperman. Steadfastly he has refused to compromise his independence for money. Once, William Randolph Hearst offered him \$100 a week on his Chicago paper at a time when Sandburg was taking a nickel trolley ride home as far as the line went, then walking the rest of the way.

After long debate, Sandburg took the job—and quit after three weeks. A few years later, Hearst offered him up to \$30,000 to write a column for his newspapers. Sandburg turned it down.

Even after his books began to make money, his Spartan simplicity remained. He still wears the same unpressed suits. His shoes always need a shine. His dislike of flashy restaurants and night clubs is almost vehement.

Occasionally his publishers try to take him to the taproom of an expensive Manhattan hotel. "My gosh," Sandburg grunted on one such occasion. "Why sit in those damp holes and watch all those terribly uncertain people?"

The people that make Sandburg's America are not in night clubs but in wheat fields, railroad yards and steel mills. More than any other writer, he sees America through smokestacks and silos. His poetry clangs with metal and granite, the tumult of human voices, the banging of jazz, the raging slang of the streets. Throughout his poems runs an angry thread of revolt. Always he is on the side of the people.

He was on their side when he helped to organize the Social Democratic Party in Wisconsin, when he wrote newspaper articles about riots among packing-house workers, when he investigated the Chicago race riots, when he went on the radio the night before the 1940 election—even though he was a political independent—to urge the re-election of Franklin Roosevelt.

Yet Sandburg has no political axes to grind. It is something that goes much deeper. It is a faith in the people who fought their way through Valley Forge and Bull Run and Guadalcanal, the people who staked out a continent and built the cities. "The people, yes," he says in one of his poems. And nothing can shake his faith in them.

SANDBURG WAS BORN in the prairie town of Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878. When he finished eighth grade, he went to work driving a milk wagon. His daily route took him across the campus of Knox College, and there, as well as at near-by Lombard University, he often stood outside the classrooms, listening to students rehearsing the speeches of Hamilton and Jefferson.

After the milk route, Carl tried various jobs—shining shoes, shaving bricks, selling candy at a lake resort. Then his feet began to itch and he hopped a boxcar going west. He dug potatoes, polished stoves, pitched wheat. He began to absorb the tastes and smells of America that one day would come pouring out in his poetry.

Soon after he returned to Galesburg in 1898, the Spanish-American War began and Sandburg enlisted in the Sixth Illinois Volun-

teers, first troops to land in Puerto Rico. When he returned to Galesburg with \$122 in discharge pay, his hunger for education had been whetted by college students he had met in the Army. Lombard offered him a year's free tuition, and he promptly accepted.

Although he was kept busy editing the college monthly, playing basketball, and serving as janitor and college bell ringer, his principal interest was the Poor Writers Club, a small group of students who met to read and criticize each other's work. Then, instead of finishing his last term at Lombard University, Sandburg again felt the urge to roam and hopped another west-bound freight. Later, he worked his way east to New York, got a job as a reporter, then as a magazine editor in Chicago.

In 1907, he met Winfield Gaylord, state organizer of the Social Democratic Party in Wisconsin, and became a party organizer near Milwaukee. At headquarters one day, he met a winsome brunette named Lillian Steichen, whose brother, E. J. Steichen, has since become a world-famous photographer. She had gone to the University of Chicago and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. Sandburg married her a few months later.

For several years, Sandburg wrote advertising for a Milwaukee store, worked for Milwaukee papers, became a city-hall reporter, and, ultimately, secretary to Emil Seidel, Social Democratic mayor. Then he moved to Chicago to do newspaper and magazine work.

Those were hard days for Sandburg. Twice he was out of a job, and he knew what it meant to

tramp the streets. Yet always he carried a notebook and filled it with snatches of dialogue he heard on the street, or with a few lines of a new poem.

Finally, in 1916, Sandburg's poetry was recognized. A series of poems describing Chicago won the Levinson poetry award and \$200, an immense sum for him in those days. But before his next volume appeared in 1918, Sandburg had started to roam again.

Returning to the Chicago *Daily News* after World War I Sandburg began the most important phase of his career under Managing Editor Henry Justin Smith, who had collected on his staff some of the finest newsmen in the business. Meanwhile, Sandburg's three daughters—Margaret, Janet and Helga—had reached the stage where they constantly demanded to be read to. After exhausting Andersen's fairy tales, he discovered that there were almost no children's stories with their roots planted in American folklore and prairie soil. So he decided to write some himself.

Now Sandburg switched from the brawling, husky themes of his poetry to the fantasies of *The Rootabaga Stories* and *Rootabaga Pigeons*. Promptly these juvenile tales became a hit, and from 1922 onward opened up a whole new field of children's literature.

SINCE 1919, SANDBURG had spent much of his roaming time in search of Lincoln material. In his house out in Elmhurst, Illinois, the study walls were crammed with books. Packing boxes and crates of notes filled every corner. One day in New York, Sandburg mentioned

to his publisher, Alfred Harcourt, the need for a short, boy's life of Lincoln. Sandburg started to write it. But soon he realized that Lincoln had never been interpreted in his full sweep, and that this scope was too vast for a boy's book.

Slowly *The Prairie Years* grew into an immense panorama. It was a story not just of Lincoln, but of a whole country, with every detail from life on packet boats to scalawag lawyers, from slave-owning plantations of the South to the industrial mill towns of New England.

Published in 1926 in two volumes totaling 962 pages, *The Prairie Years* brought Sandburg national fame. In addition, it brought him financial security. At 48, he was still working for the *Daily News* at \$50 a week. Now Harcourt sold the magazine serial rights to *The Prairie Years* for \$27,500.

In the next few years, Sandburg was to publish *The American Songbag* and two important volumes of poetry. But the project which was to dominate his life from 1926 to 1939 was the monumental, four-volume *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*. To devote himself to the job, he left the *News* in 1932 and moved to Harbort, Michigan, on the shores of the lake across from Chicago. There, in a cottage he built on the dunes, he could work far into the night with a green eyeshade over his forehead, with hundreds of notes pinned to a screen behind him, and thousands more in crates stacked against the wall. According to his

friends, Sandburg read more Lincoln material for *The War Years* than any other man living or dead. For 12 years he roamed the country, poking into libraries and old bookshops. He examined letters by the thousands, records of the War and State Departments, diaries, posters, handbills, newspapers, photographs by the bale. In addition to his wife and three daughters, he kept two copyists busy amassing notes and filing the material.

The War Years, published in 1939, created another dimension in biography. Using the impressionistic method, piling up masses of anecdotes and stories, Sandburg told the story of Lincoln against the story of a whole nation.

After this achievement, he decided to write his first novel, *Remembrance Rock*. On commission from M-G-M studios—probably the only writer ever paid in advance to sit down and write a novel for the movies—he worked for five years, and in 1,000 pages swept back through the whole span of American history, from Plymouth Rock through the recent war.

M-G-M executives, who expected Sandburg to do an ordinary novel in the ordinary time of a year or two, asked what had taken him so long. "I just got interested," he said.

Sandburg still works eight hours



a day, usually starting late in the afternoon and writing far into the night. The study in his colonial house near Flat Rock, North Carolina, is jammed with the same crates of notes, while books overflow every shelf and corner.

Sandburg's ability to crowd work into his days never ceases to amaze his friends. Even when he is entertaining people at the house, he continues to jot down notes. His pockets are always filled with notes—new ideas, a line for a poem, a snatch of conversation. Then, when he has exhausted his guests with a five-mile walk, he really gets down to work, staying up while the rest of the house sleeps.

Sandburg intends to keep writing for years to come. He has more books, more poems, and even a play tossing around in his mind. Not long ago, townspeople in Galesburg purchased the old Sandburg house as a shrine to their famous son. But Sandburg did not attend the dedicatory ceremonies, because he feels he is far too young to start thinking about a shrine.



Just Wait a Few Years

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Tommy, telling the family about a coming "girls' choice" school dance, said, "This girl told me she asked two other fellows first, and they couldn't come, so she asked me."

The day after the party, he reported that his girl had met him at the door of the school gym, handed him a quarter and told

At 71, Carl Sandburg is already an American legend. In him, there is the humanity of Abraham Lincoln, the strength of the pioneers, the bigness of the prairies. In him, too, there is the hope for the future of America, as expressed in the words of Justice Windom in *Remembrance Rock*:

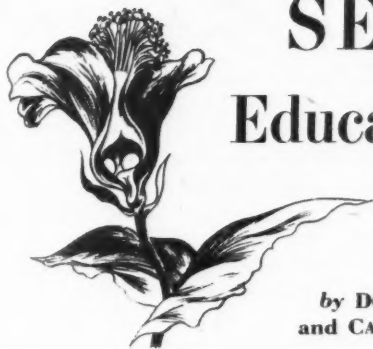
"Always the path of American destiny has been into the Unknown . . . With each new test, and each new time and cost, there were those prepared to pay the cost. At Plymouth and Jamestown, there was the Unknown of a vast continent of wilderness to be faced. At Philadelphia, in the writing of the Declaration, and later amid the cold and filth of Valley Forge, there was the Unknown again. . . .

"Later, in the trials of crossing the Great Plains, and pioneering the West Coast, and in the bloody sectional struggle that hammered national unity into a finality, there was ever the Unknown. And never was it more true than now—the path of American destiny leads into the Unknown."

him to go buy his ticket. Tommy and his date hadn't seen each other again all evening.

The boy's flabbergasted father asked him just how the evening had been spent. "Oh," explained Tommy, "the girls danced with each other and the boys ran around the track and wrestled and everybody had a swell time."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE in CLEVELAND Plain Dealer



SEX

Education, Please!

by DONITA FERGUSON
and CAROL LYNN GILMER

Aware that ignorance breeds tragedy, our children are demanding *facts*, not fables; read this startling report on a Coronet survey and you'll know why

ONE MORNING in 1946, Marvin P. Baker, superintendent of schools in Corpus Christi, Texas, caught the first blast of a long-simmering student revolt. The spokesmen for more than 100 high-school youngsters handed him a document:

"The undersigned of this petition declare that they want a class on sex instruction in the Corpus Christi Senior High School. They signed this with the permission of their parents to attend the class.

"The purpose of this is that our generation may carry out its purpose in life unhampered by lack of knowledge and superstition; and that we may learn to know the opposite sex as a friend rather than as a hidden secret or supposed danger."

What had driven these teen-age youngsters to demand such action? Nothing special. That is, nothing

special enough to disturb the lethargy of adult Americans, blind to the woeful price that boys and girls are paying for their inadequate sex education. No more than the daily reports from all over the U. S. of tragedies involving adolescents and bearing the headline labels of murder, abortion, rape and other sex crimes. No more than a few shocking statistics on the rate of venereal disease among teen-age boys and girls, or the percentage of unwed mothers under 16.

The Corpus Christi students had done some thinking about the facts that their elders chose to ignore. Convinced that the price placed upon their ignorance was too high, they demanded action. What results did they achieve? None.

The superintendent said: "I am not unsympathetic to their search

for knowledge, but such instruction should be given by some other agency than the public school."

A school-board member said: "It seems to me that there are books published on the subject and that students could read them."

Today, the student petition lies in the files where it was comfortably interred more than two years ago.

Are these Texas youngsters the only ones who are trying to blast through such obstacles in their search for information rather than ignorance, for guidance rather than shamefaced equivocation? They are not. On April 2, 1948, a group of high-school students representing teen-age YMCA and YWCA groups took over the functions of the New York City Council for the day—an annual project which is part of their program to learn about municipal government.

This year, as every year, these boys and girls unanimously passed a resolution requesting the Board of Education to provide a high-school sex-education course. And this year, as every year, the proposal was ignored. But a senior girl from Brooklyn explains why the youngsters will keep trying: "People think that parents or the churches will take care of the problem, but they don't. So we think it should be a required course."

Teen-agers all over the country share that opinion, according to a Gallup poll taken in March, 1947. High-school students were asked if they thought schools should provide information on sex problems. Only 19 per cent answered "No." And to go back further, in 1937 an overwhelming 80 per cent of some 13,500 Maryland young people sur-



veyed by the American Youth Commission expressed an emphatic desire for public-school courses in sex education.

Thus the evidence piles up that in an otherwise barefaced era, sex education remains, generally speaking, deplorable or nonexistent. Adults so consistently turn their backs on the problem that young people finally try to take matters into their own hands. There is pathetic eagerness in their requests for help. For these boys and girls are asking for far more than mere information: they are searching desperately for a code of conduct.

One of the New York City students describes what they want included in a compulsory sex-education course: "... how to live, think, and have a clean outlook on life." Another says: "A lot of us think that adults have the wrong outlook on life and that teaching sex and marriage problems in high schools would be a worth-while thing."

In brief, America's youth is asking the chance to build its own moral code. Why have they not been granted the chance? Perplexed that adult Americans should so consistently thwart the desire of our future citizens, the editors of CORONET decided to ferret out the story behind this amazing situation.

First, we interviewed doctors and

parents, teachers and preachers. Incredible though it seems, we found that *no important group officially or consciously was obstructing sex education.*

Parents? Recently, a nationwide poll showed that three-quarters of all mothers and fathers favor sex education for children. And significantly, in those few communities where practical programs of sex instruction are tried out, even this low rate of parental objection drops sharply when the project gets under way.

Dr. G. G. Wetherill, Director of Health Education in San Diego, California, reported that his sex-education program for local high schools met with 98 per cent parental approval. And a Colorado biology teacher reported that only two of 180 parents objected to his school's sex-education courses.

Teachers? For more than half a century, forward-looking educators have decried the rearing of children on silly tales of bird and bee, sprinkled over with dollops of pure Victorian stork. And the official yearbook of the American Association of School Administrators declares: "Neglect and omission of the problem of sex, simply because it might arouse community conflict, means failure to fulfill our duty to youth."

Even the churches join the chorus. Prominent Catholics, Jews and Protestants have made statements advocating sex education.

"There is crying need for satisfactory sex education today," says Dr. Edgar Schmiedeler, founder of the National Catholic Conference on Family Life. "To this end the home must lead the way and the

parent must bear the burden of giving instruction. However, the Church and the school also have highly important contributions to make. All these institutions must play their part if really effective sex training is to result."

Jacob Kepecs, executive director of the Jewish Children's Bureau in Chicago, declares: "Interest and curiosity about sex are perfectly normal in children."

And the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America recently issued a statement through its Commission on Marriage and the Home. It declared: "The misuse of sex is one of the greatest causes of individual disaster, family disintegration and social corruption. The home, the church and the school should see to it that children and young people receive sound sex instruction and character training."

And yet, despite this overwhelmingly favorable attitude in theory, almost nothing is done in practice. When last surveyed, only 11 states actually did anything to encourage sex education on a state-wide basis. Another ten permitted local districts to do as they pleased—which was usually nothing. The balance of the states ignored or obstructed sex education.

Baffled by this situation, CORONET delved deeper to get at the facts. The real barricades to large-scale improvement in sex education were found to be inertia, prejudice, ignorance and, most important, an unwillingness to admit the seriousness of the situation.

Just how serious is it? Actually, the known sex crimes average 40,000 a year. Moreover, the latest figures reveal an increase in the

number of murders and rapes committed by boys 17 and under—almost every one the admitted victim of sex repression or ignorance.

More than half of each year's crop of 80,000 unwed mothers are between 10 and 19. Illegitimacy among young girls now matches the 40,000-a-year total for all ages reported a decade ago. And in 1944, children under 15 accounted for 15,000 cases of reported congenital and acquired syphilis—an entirely inadequate picture of the total were it also to include unreported cases.

"Nevertheless," says the sex-education obstructionist, "the way to keep our children sexually pure is to keep them sexually ignorant."

As pure as the carefully sheltered, 17-year-old William Heirens? This young University of Chicago student's series of crimes, culminating in the vicious murder of little Suzanne Degnan, shocked the nation a few years ago. Rather than be shocked, adults might heed the words of one of the country's leading neurologists, who examined the young killer.

"When Heirens was 11," says Dr. Foster Kennedy, "his mother gave him his entire sex education in one sentence. She said, 'All sex is dirty; if you touch anyone you get a disease.' His father said nothing—then or ever. If the boy had received a plain, honest sex education, he might now be continuing his university studies."

CONCEDING THAT LOST SOULS like Heirens are a menace to the community, the apathetic proponents of the status quo nevertheless insist they are but a fraction of the

35,000,000 children in this country. Aren't they the few who would have made mistakes and snarled their lives anyway? Are the vast majority of normal, well-adjusted youngsters in any danger?

For the answer, CORONET decided to tap a new source of information. We went to the youth of America to discover what they themselves think about sex education. We interviewed hundreds of boys and girls between 12 and 18. What they told us makes disturbing reading. With none of their parents' archaic embarrassment, they frankly said what they think should be done about their wishes.

Naturally, they want facts—all the facts. There is no such thing as total sex ignorance, they claim, so why try to preserve it? And their answers to questions, individually and collectively, bear this out. Nine of every ten youngsters interviewed learned something about sex—usually something unprintable—before they were 16. More than half the boys and three-quarters of the girls got their first sex information by word of mouth—or, as these bright-eyed citizens of tomorrow put it: "In the gutter—where everybody else gets his."

But these first explanations left at least half of both boys and girls with a clouded picture of what sex really is. "I did not fully understand because the people I learned from did not fully understand either," said a solemn-faced little girl of 13.

Almost all who got their only information about sex in the gutter agreed with the teen-age boy who said: "What I was told wasn't based on scientific facts. It left me with

the feeling that I wanted to know more."

Even the few youngsters who had received some sort of sex information from parents or teachers were often as baffled. "They tell about bees and birds," said a 16-year-old Milwaukee girl, "but they never tell about the real problems."

Incredible as it may seem to a generation of adults who have broken all records in divorce, immorality, indecency and false standards, these youngsters want to lead decent, well-ordered lives. Against a backdrop of sordid tabloid headlines, the hardest thing to grasp—but the most important—is the significance of an honest young girl describing her sordidly acquired sex information. "It is a very poor way to learn about something sacred."

These boys and girls, having seen proof after proof that ignorance breeds tragedy, are asking for help. How can it be given? After interviewing the teen-agers, CORONET checked their comments against

the findings of outstanding educators who have led the fight for forthright sex education for our young people.

Men like Dr. Maurice Bigelow, chairman of the National Committee on Education of the American Social Hygiene Association; Willard Beatty, superintendent of schools in Winnetka, Illinois, and Bronxville, New York, when these towns were setting up excellent sex-education programs; and Dr. Benjamin C. Gruenberg, leading authority on sex education and author of many books on the subject, agree whole-



heartedly with the suggestions made by the interviewees. CORONET believes, therefore, that the opinions of these teen-agers merit serious consideration.

First, the boys and girls declare we must get rid of the idea that in this day and age there can be beatific oblivion. From animals on the farm to clinches on the screen, sex is universal and unavoidable. In short, we could as easily legislate weather out of existence.

Second, the youngsters demand that adults stop being suspicious of their motives. According to them, this is one of the chief reasons for their failure to acquire a sensible sex education. They want a blueprint for behavior from adults: what they usually get is a brush-off. A puzzled coed unconsciously put her finger on this situation when she said: "I don't want to do anything wrong, but if I asked anybody about sex, they'd think I did."

Finally, the youngsters said that adults must clear up their own vagueness. Hundreds of boys and girls blamed parents and teachers alike for their lack of useful knowledge. "There ought to be classes for parents," said a girl of 12. "They are the ones who need it."

Despite these valid criticisms, the boys and girls interviewed were unanimous in stating that they want to be taught about sex by their parents or teachers, or both. They condemn the present indifference, the cynical suspicion of their natural curiosity, and the lack of preparation for the job, but in the same breath they say they are willing to give the elders another chance.

One especially significant fact

emerges from the mass of evidence CORONET has collected: although reported opposition to sex education is small, actual opposition turns out to be appallingly prevalent. Parents, teachers, clergy, public officials and the general public are equally guilty. Yet oddly enough, this opposition is passive rather than active. Often the most vociferous supporters of sex education in theory become the "leave-it-to-the-other-fellow" supporters in practice.

If sex education is ever to become a reality, it must be dragged from the bog of buck passing in which it is presently mired. If we have any serious intention of living up to our officially expressed belief in sex education for the youth of America, then parents, churches, schools and everyday citizens must assume responsibilities in devising a workable program. Obviously, no one group can do the job alone.

Parents must resolve to instill in their children a wholesome attitude toward sex. And they must realize that often it is they, not the youngsters, who are embarrassed by forthright questions and answers. Psychologists assert that children up to the age of ten are usually unself-conscious and curious as well. This, then, is the time to make biological facts plain and familiar.

To supplement this basic sex instruction with moral and spiritual values, churches must cooperate with parents by giving more attention to the problems that trouble young people—the everyday realities of dating, courtship and preparation for marriage.

Some churches have already initiated discussion groups where

youngsters, with adult guidance, discuss their problems and work out answers. If all churches and all parents did their job well, there would be no such comments as this from a 17-year-old New England boy, who said to an interviewer: "When I first learned about sex, I had no basis on which to judge good from bad."

The biggest job, however, must be done in the schools. Here, where the best opportunity exists to reach hundreds of thousands of youngsters, we have failed miserably. Sometimes, the reason is pussyfooting by public officials who fail to uphold their own convictions. For instance, a public-health officer in one Northeastern state outwardly declares herself in favor of sex education. Privately she admits that she doesn't want "to stick my neck out" to proclaim the need to the public. All over the country, there are untold numbers of school officials, legislators and just plain citizens who are similarly remiss.

Sometimes, a timorous approach to sex education is made in the schools and ends in failure. Here, educators themselves are at fault. Teachers must take additional training in the important field of sex education. They must stop slinging out isolated facts and learn instead to interpret knowledge so that youngsters will find an application to their own problems.

Happily, there is one bright spot in this dreary American picture. Some notably successful school programs exist to point the way to others. And what a few states, cities and schools have already done can easily be duplicated elsewhere. Communities that offer excellent

examples (in addition to San Diego, Winnetka and Bronxville) include Evanston, Illinois; St. Louis, Missouri; Corvallis, Oregon; Lexington, Kentucky; and Tulsa, Oklahoma. And it is significant that two parochial Catholic high schools in New York—Corpus Christi and Cathedral—offer sensible sex education that is denied students attending public schools.

AS REPRESENTATIVE OF the best in sex education, CORONET has selected the program set up some years ago by a suburban school on Chicago's North Shore. Officials have urged that the school not be named, since, as conscientious educators, they believe undue attention to the subject creates an undesirable atmosphere, thus spoiling the natural reactions among children now attending classes.

At this school, the whole subject of sex is integrated into various courses—just as sex is an integral part of living. In biology, children study heredity and reproduction; in hygiene, they learn of venereal diseases, the nervous system, erogenous zones. Anatomy and physiology teach them the construction of human organs.

But the most interesting feature of this program is the way it flavors studies far removed from pure science, thus giving them fuller meaning. In history, youngsters learn of woman's status through the ages, of the Puritan movement and its causes, and of divorce (via Henry VIII). In home economics, they learn about housing, budgeting, interracial marriages. In

English literature, they learn about elopement through *Romeo and Juliet*, chivalry through *Lancelot and Guinevere*, disastrous marriages through *Silas Marner*, bad environment through *Studs Lonigan*, and the case against premarital relations through *An American Tragedy*.

This program interprets sex with such breadth and intelligence that it serves as a foundation for a workable code of living. As proof, a number of alumni have had an opportunity to weigh their education against the demands of adult living. They did not find it wanting.

"As I remember," said one alumnus, "the biology course was just another subject to be taken. What impressed me most was the personality of the teacher—her calmness and matter-of-fact attitude."

Such dimmed recollections are exactly what the school strives for—and gets—thanks to teachers like this one. That means the classroom experience was not highlighted in any way, and the sex information in the biology course was not looked upon as "different" or more important than the rest of the course.

One young matron, now a teacher herself, recalls that "at college I was shocked by the charged curiosity of adolescent girls from Eastern boarding schools. They made me deeply grateful for my own advantages."

And a young housewife sums up the feeling of most alumnae when



she says: "The straightforward attitude I acquired toward sex has enabled me to discuss the subject freely with my children. I am convinced that putting such a system in all schools would be a blessing for the next generation."

The choice is ours. Children are asking that we act *now*. They are petitioning for the right to understand the meaning of life. They know that further delay merely adds to the tragic toll of ignorance.

As thousands of young people finish school each year, they leave behind almost their last chance for a scientific, constructive approach to sex problems. For many of last year's graduates, it may already be too late. But it is not too late for those youngsters who are still looking to us for help.

"The most-hopeful element in human life," says Dr. Harriet S. Cory, executive director of the Missouri Social Hygiene Association and long-time crusader for sex education in the schools, "is the constant rebirth of idealism in each year's crop of adolescents. They will face their problems with courage and honesty, provided we give them the forum."

If we match their courage and honesty with our own, we will offer them the sensible sex education they are demanding. But if we reject their idealism, then we must continue to face the accusation of the young girl (and thousands like her) who said of her sordid sex indoctrination:

"It is a very poor way to learn about something sacred."

Ad-ventures in the Press



Ad in New York City's East Side *News*: "Veteran, wife and 3-months-old baby desperately need unfurnished 3-room apartment. Phone Tl 5-1560. If a woman answers, hang up and please call later—it's my mother-in-law and she thinks we're happy living with her."

—Quoted by HY GARDNER in *Parade*

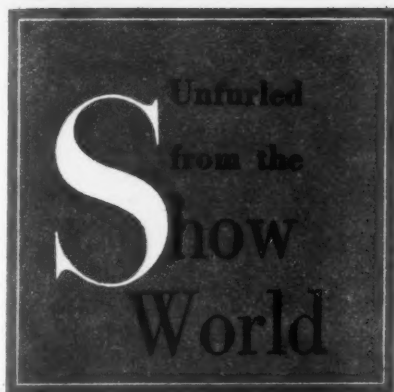
Wanted immediately: Unfurnished apartment or house for man, wife, daughter (8) and dog. Will dispose of dog, but prefer to keep child.

—CENTRALIA (ILL.) *Sentinel*

Attendant, psychopathic exp., know use straight razor. El Encanto Sanitarium.

—LOS ANGELES (CALIF.) *Examiner*

Ad in a Los Angeles newspaper: "Young man who gets paid on Monday and is broke by Wednesday would like to exchange small loans with a young man who gets paid on Wednesday and is broke by Monday."



Columns Write

When a producer started to quibble with her about a fee for a scripting job, Dorothy Parker squelched him with: "You can't take it with you, and even if you could, it would melt!"

—*Tales of Hoffman*

After an operation, a girl patient asked her doctor if the scar would show. "That," said the doctor, "is entirely up to you."

—EARL WILSON

Harry Kurnitz, the screen writer-producer, saw Edward G. Robinson at an art gallery. He clutched the screen tough-guy's lapels and snarled: "Now get this, Robinson. From now on you're buying all your Picassos from us—see?"

—LEONARD LYONS

Onstage

Singing star Ethel Merman never loses her presence of mind when some little thing goes wrong on the stage. On one occasion, in a scene from *Annie Get Your Gun*, she fires a gun into the air and a stuffed bird falls on the stage.

One night in Boston, she raised the gun and pulled the trigger, but there was only a faint click. The bird, however, fell to the stage as scheduled.

"Well, what do you know?" said Miss Merman, picking it up with a pleased expression, "I scared it to death."

—W. E. GOLDEN

Cellulines

Hollywood success story:

She wins beauty contest.

She arrives in Hollywood.

She appears in picture.

She starts getting publicity.

She orders clipping service.

She learns to read.

—LEO GUILD

Overheard watching a couple contemplating a poster in front of a movie theater: "The most powerful drama ever portrayed, soul-stirring, heart-shaking, nerve-shattering . . . the magic story of a wonderman . . ." Doesn't sound too bad, does it?"

—*Tales of Hoffman*

Air Lines

Ben Grauer has never forgotten this radio fluff. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said with dignity, "the President of the United States, Hoobert Heever."

—*From Collection of Famous Fluffs in Radio* by KERMIT SCHAFER

Mrs. Nussbaum (Minerva Pious) on the Fred Allen show: "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep . . . and Bette Davis is in the picture!"

—LARRY WOLTERS

Raymond Massey, veteran actor of stage, screen and radio, never believed in the extreme sensitivity of a

microphone. While on a network broadcast, he turned from the mike and said, "This stinks to high heaven."

Let's not have critics of capitalism talking it down when it's the only system in the world which enables a man to win \$525 on the radio by identifying the language starting with E which is spoken in England.

—BILL VAUGHAN IN KANSAS CITY *Star*

Convict: How long you in for?
New Cellmate: Ninety-nine years. How long you in for?

Convict: Seventy-five years.

Cellmate: Then you take the bed near the door—you're getting out first.

—Jack Carson Show, NBC

With the Critics

It was opening night, the play was a three-act tragedy. The heroine suffered the tortures of all mankind in the first act. But more was yet to come, with the heroine suffering even more terribly in the second. Before the last act could come on, critics Robert Benchley and Burns Mantle were headed for the nearest exit. They had had all they could stand.

"Too artificial," remarked Benchley. "No one ever suffers like that in real life."

"Oh, yes, they do," sighed Mantle.

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

James Thurber, the cartoonist and humorist, attended one of Hollywood's supercolossal premieres. When he was leaving the theater Thurber turned to a writer friend and asked what he thought of the picture.

"I thought it stank," replied the friend in no uncertain terms. "What did you think of it?"

"I can't say that I liked it *that* well," replied Thurber.

—From *Thesaurus of Anecdotes*, edited by EDMUND FULLER, Crown

Star Grazing

Robert Taylor, enthusiastic about flying, was proudly telling his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, how many hours of flying time he had to his credit. "Now you can do everything that the birds do, except sit on a barbed-wire fence," she commented.

—From *Hollywood Merry-Go-Round* by ANDREW HECHT, published by Grosser and Dunlap

Claudette Colbert gives women ten suggestions for attracting men. She advises: "Be feminine, take part in sports, be a good listener, attract the men without appearing a flirt, keep your husband's respect by your personal achievements, be courageous when things go wrong, be a clever conversationalist, never be domineering, follow fashion dictates enough to make a man proud of you, and be sincere."—MOLLIE MERRICK

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage and screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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AMERICA 50 YEARS AGO

TRYING TO IMAGINE the America of 50 years ago is like trying to imagine your grandfather as a boy of 12—what comes to mind is as blurred as images in a dusty mirror. The pictures on the following pages are reminders that 50 years ago really happened—that there were 75 million Americans then

living in 45 states, energetically working and building and planning. They were too busy to think of themselves as quaint. Instead, they considered themselves the fortunate citizens of the fastest-growing country on earth—a giant just beginning to recognize his own new stature on the world scene.



The America of 50 years ago had many faces. In the cities, new wealth flowing from booming industries made gracious living possible. Proud new brownstone houses lined the streets.



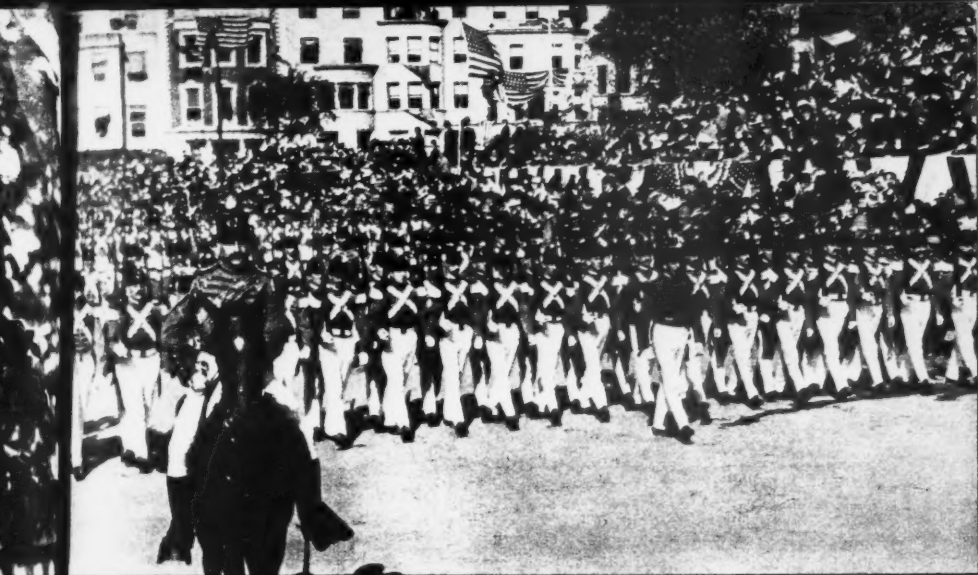
Home was the hub. Indisputably headed by father, the family served as the tie that bound life into a unified whole. There was a warmth in everyday living that 1949 might well envy.



More often than not, entertainment was homemade. Happy evenings were spent around the upright piano where voices blended in familiar hymns and sentimental ballads praising home and mother.



It was an era of the sweetly simple. Flags and firecrackers keyed holidays—especially the Glorious Fourth when the young nation stood in happy awe of its own accomplishments.



The War with Spain gave the man in the street a new perspective on the older nations in Europe. Peace-loving, he was nevertheless confident that America need never back down before anyone.



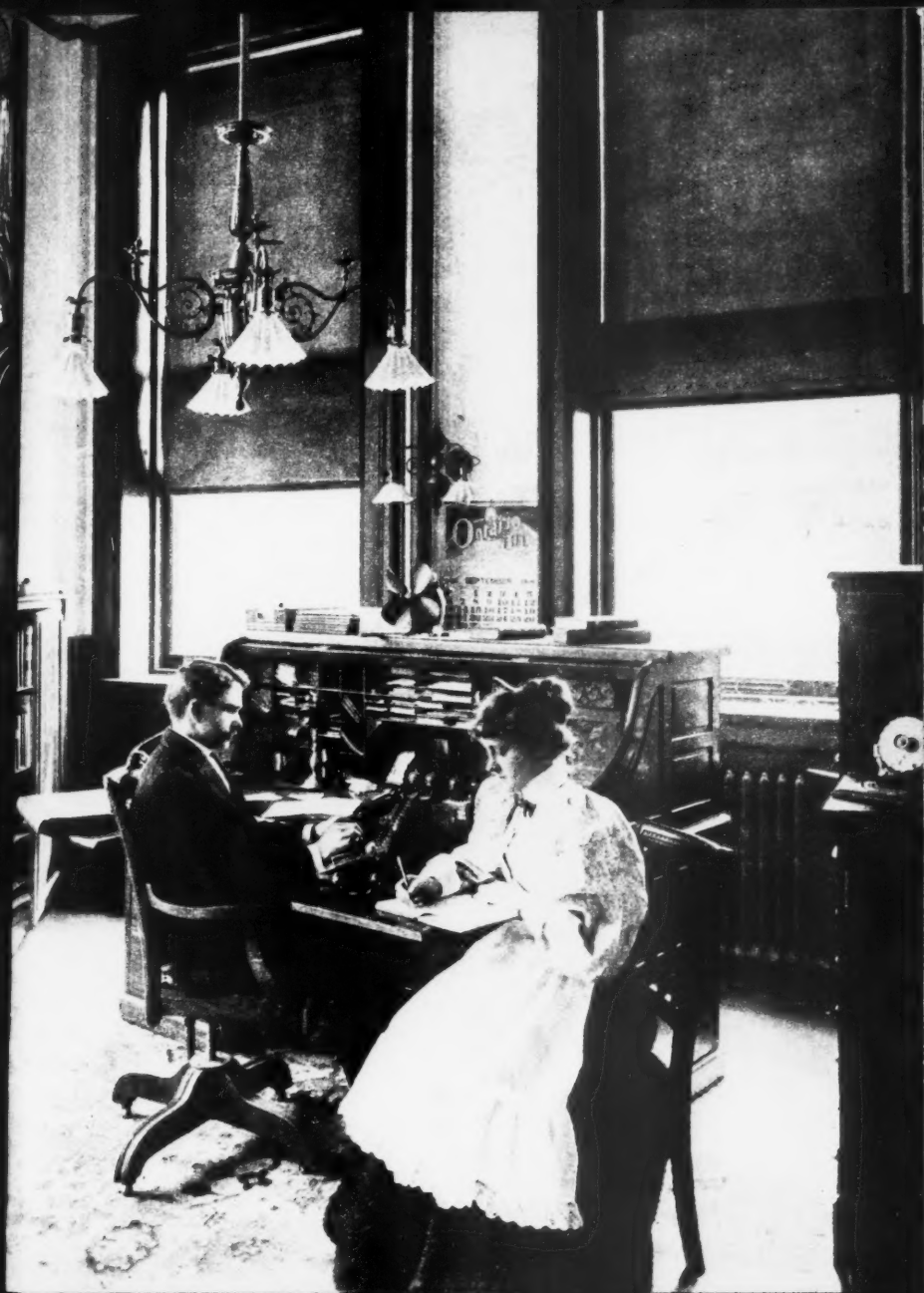
The prosperity of the growing nation allowed more leisure times. Sports were sedate and graceful—in wintertime, ponds came alive with skaters whose pride was a well-cut figure eight.



Women moved towards greater freedom, and towards an easier companionship with men. But the old traditions died slowly—a reserved subway car for ladies was taken for granted.



Clothes, too, suggested crumbling of old barriers. The tightly laced gowns of the Eighties gave way to easier, more practical clothes for younger women.



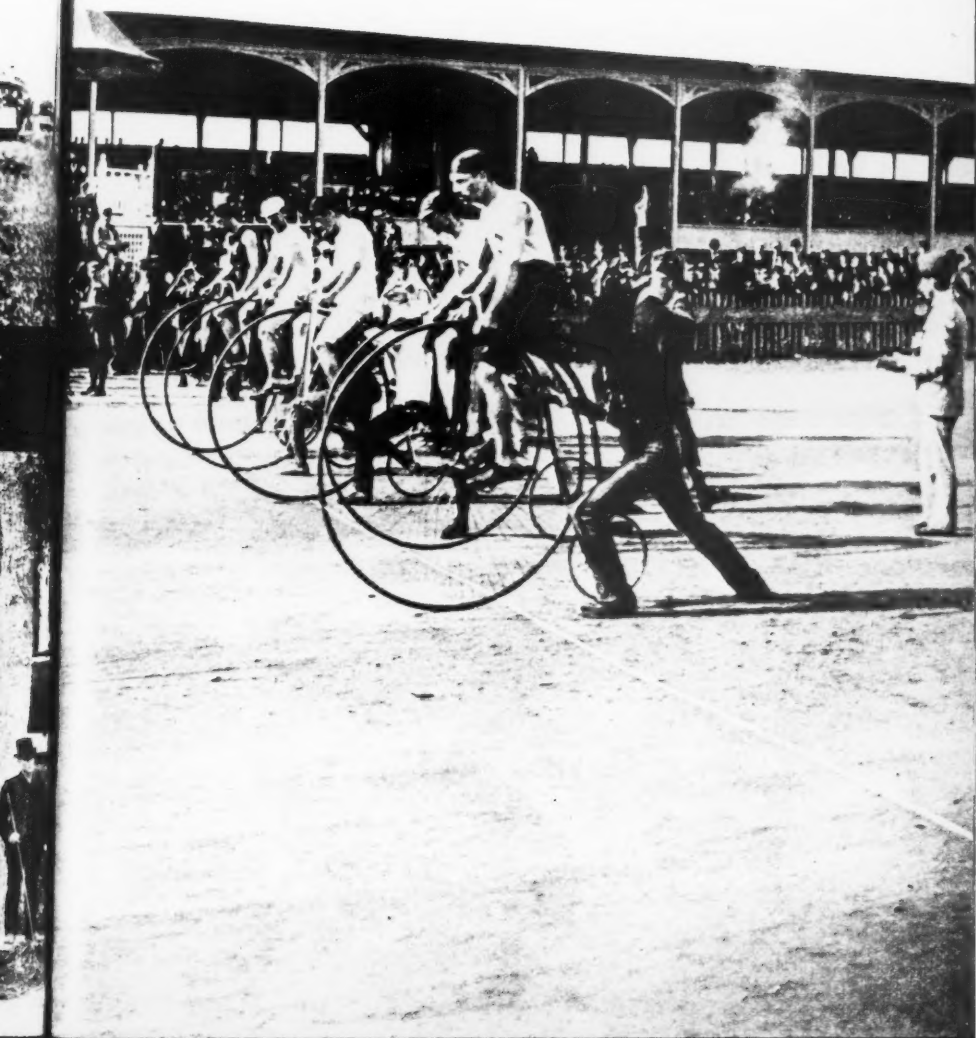
A new machine—the typewriter—gave women their start in business. The goal of feminists—universal suffrage—was not reached until 1920, but the narrow Victorian world was cracking at every seam.



On summer week ends, the hours of relaxation were filled with exuberant release. In the cities, crowded trolleys led the Sunday exodus to beaches, picnic grounds and baseball parks . . .



. . . but in the country, traditional pleasures—hay rides, county fairs, corn huskings—offered gaiety that was to make small-town life a symbol of happy days in years to come.



Bicycle races drew huge, enthusiastic crowds. Spectators came to see daredevils risk their limbs on these strange, misshapen vehicles—for glory and for ornate loving cups.



But America had another, grimmer face. Stark poverty was the lot of many in a nation just beginning to grapple with the problems of growing industrial populations in the cities:



On street corners, untended urchins gambled away the few pennies they earned in long hours with the shoeshine box or in the factory. Child-welfare work was begun to help children like these.



Citizens banded together to demand the passage of Child Labor Laws, forbidding piecework at home or in the factory by youngsters who injured their health and curtailed their education.



Yet there was plentiful opportunity for the lucky and energetic. Today, we see all around us leaders who struggled up from poverty in those years. The Horatio Alger story was more than just fiction.



These opportunities made America the golden hope of millions. Immigrants discovered that the streets were not paved with gold, but there was plenty of work to be done.



For anyone who despaired of making his fortune in the cities of the East, there was always a second chance in the vast, restless West. Board houses lined muddy streets where raw new cities sprang up at



railheads, water holes and mines. With nerve and imagination, a man could run a grubstake into a fortune—and as easily lose his whole wealth trying to double it.



Fifty years ago, Americans were supremely confident. Our task today is to reaffirm the vision they had of our nation—a land with a magnificent tomorrow, surging ahead at fire-engine speed.

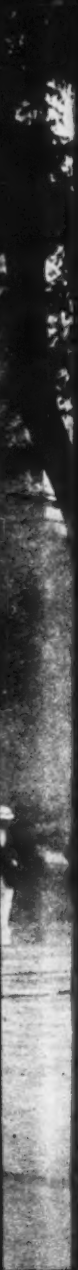
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The Club Nobody Wants to Join

by KATHARINE BEST AND
KATHARINE HILLYER

It takes a high degree of courage to be a member of the exclusive Guinea Pigs

 ONCE A YEAR, some hundreds of young men the world over begin packing their spare wigs and glass eyes and heading toward East Grinstead, England, for the annual get-together of the strangest club in the world, the Guinea Pig Club.

As members of the club nobody wants to join and from which no man can resign, they will drink many a toast to a new nose here, a new ear there, a cheek that once was stomach, thigh or chest skin. They are young airmen of World War II who escaped death in scores of flaming plane disasters.

Probably no other town in the world could take it, this sudden crowding of streets with 300 to 400 terribly disfigured men. But to East Grinstead the annual arrival of the Guinea Pigs—from London, Scotland, Australia, from America,

Canada, France, from almost everywhere—is the gala event of the year. Each one of them is known and beloved from one end of the little market town to the other.

To the Guinea Pigs, East Grinstead is "home." It is where they lived at intervals for two, three, four years while they endured endless and fearful operations on their faces and hands. It is where they learned that they could once again go out into the world and stand up to the looks of pity and horror they were certain to see. And thereby hangs the Guinea Pig tale.

The club, whose membership totals 600 men representing 18 nationalities, was christened in grim jest by one of its five young founders, a Battle of Britain pilot, during the summer of 1940 when a few of "The Few" began to assemble at the little hospital on the edge of

East Grinstead. When he went to the operating theater for the third of his 21 skin grafts, he remarked: "Why, we're nothing but a bunch of guinea pigs!"

The name Guinea Pig stuck, and as the war pursued its grisly course, burned French, Czech, Polish, Dutch, American, Canadian and other Allied pilots paid the exorbitant initiation fee, were sent to Queen Victoria Hospital for reparative surgery, and became Pigs. Thus the club began to assume more and more responsibility for the spiritual and economic well-being of its members.

As one of them says today: "The Club aims to see that cured Pigs do not hang forgotten in some social smokehouse."

A cured Pig is a vastly different human from the boy who dropped in flames from the ETO skies. The surgical repair of his face takes more than five years and involves perhaps 30 major operations, plus numberless minor facial and dental "slabbings." Today, three years after the war, Queen Victoria Hospital is still "the Sty" for 60 young men whose facial reconstruction is not complete.

One of the boys hails from Richmond, Virginia. In 1940, at 19, he worked his way to England on a freighter and joined the RAF. In November, 1943, he was piloting a Wellington bomber when an engine cut out. He ordered his crew to bail out, then attempted a crash landing. The aircraft burst into flame.

After three months of skin-healing time, he was sent to East Grinstead for "long-range surgical repair and reconstruction." His nose was gone, his ears were little knots

of scar tissue, his chin and lips were stiff, his eyelids did not meet, most of his fingers were burned to the first joints. In two years he underwent 13 major and minor operations until, in March 1946, hospital records stated: "Major facial reconstruction complete except for much trimming, repair of nostrils and grafting of one new eyebrow."

The American is 27 today, and though he is something of a nightmare to look upon, in his own words he is "a mighty lucky Pig." His sight, voice and hearing are unimpaired, and he has learned to use the stubs of his fingers.

The Virginian lives with his wife, a beautiful English girl to whom he was engaged before his smashup, and their two children in a London flat where, between trips to East Grinstead for further treatments, he makes a living reviewing British novels for a U. S. publisher.

This "Ge'man from Vuhginia," as he is called by friends, is not the only Pig who is heroically unself-conscious of his appearance. He is not the only one possessed of stamina potent enough to withstand the world's special cruelties toward the disfigured. There are 599 others who are busy pursuing life, liberty and happiness.

THE CLUB ACTS AS a very personal and efficient employment exchange, loan office and social-welfare agency. Through industry and through service and government channels, the club finds the sort of employer who will treat a Guinea Pig as a workman, not as an object of charity. With money which has come from private sources, the Red Cross, the RAF Benevolent Fund

and other charities, it establishes Pigs in business, fights their pension battles, lends them money to learn a trade or take a vacation.

There is the Briton, for instance, who as a flight sergeant set out with his pilot to drop a mine on a Nazi submarine base. They crashed on taking off and the mine exploded. There was nothing left of the pilot and very little of the flight sergeant. After 24 major operations at East Grinstead over a period of three years, he was dismissed as "reconstructed."

During convalescence he learned to draw, developed a yearning for office work and fell in love with his nurse. Today he is married, happily settled in a London clerical job which he got through the Guinea Pig Club, and is a regular cartoon contributor to *Punch*.

There is the Canadian who was rescued by Arabs when his bomber crashed in North Africa. They knew, from a metal clip around his neck, that he was worth \$240 if they could deliver him alive to Allied authorities. And so, every day for ten days, they dipped the Canadian in the cool Mediterranean until an Allied ambulance arrived. This daily dunking saved his life—it is a crude equivalent of the hospital's daily saline baths.

At East Grinstead, where he eventually arrived weighing 84 pounds, he went on the "slab" for complete facial reconstruction and general reparative surgery. At the end of his ordeal, he went back to

Canada where he is today a successful insurance broker.

There are actor Pigs, doctor Pigs, farmer Pigs, banker Pigs, forester Pigs, journalist Pigs, pub-owning Pigs, engineer Pigs, rent-a-car Pigs, all set up in business by the club.

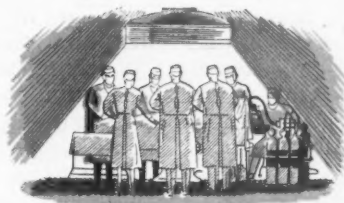
Big man in the club is Sir Archibald McIndoe, chief surgeon of Queen Victoria Hospital, permanent life president of the club, one member who did not have to pay the terrible price of admission. Sir Archibald is a New Zealander, a world-famous leader in plastic surgery. He is a brisk, thickset, 48-year-old man of medium height whose face radiates cheer and whose eyes shine with understanding and humor. No man of medicine ever faced graver problems than he when the mutilated airmen began to arrive at his hospital.

Each of the 600 treated at East Grinstead had suffered not only a heart-crushing loss of physical abilities

but faced the danger of a paralyzing change in personality. He was repelled by the horror in the faces of those who looked at him. The reflection he saw in his own

mirror sickened him. Instinctively he tried to hide from other people.

This Sir Archibald was determined he should not do. The most brilliant surgery was useless, he believed, if the man became merely a psychopathic case. And so the patients were given a freedom unique in hospital history. Pigs could smoke, eat between meals, wear what they pleased, date the nurses,



keep the hours they chose and, if they felt like it, drink like Lost Week-enders.

Pigs responded by developing not only the will to live but a passionate desire to get back into the world. Their first venture into East Grinstead was, in an emotional sense, a major operation, yet each was determined to go through with it. In bandages, casts, sometimes wheel chairs, they braved the stares and shudders of the townsfolk.

After a while, stares and shudders turned to smiles of recognition and normal nods of greeting. People began inviting them to dinner. The movie offered free tickets. A pub owner put a runway for wheel chairs over the steps into his bar. Girls gave them dates. The Pigs were "in." Nobody treated them like lost souls, and they were ready for the next step.

This was to go to London, where the whole ghastly process had to be repeated. The club arranged theater and concert parties, dances and all kinds of social gatherings so that Pigs would meet, and be looked at by, all kinds of people. Only in this way, the hospital believed, could they become inured to the shock of shocking people.

The efficacy of this treatment is

illustrated by the incident of the Pig on the London subway. For many minutes a group of fellow passengers stared at him, open-mouthed and horror-struck. When the train rolled into his station, he arose, bowed low before his gaping audience and tipped his toupee.

So accustomed did the people of East Grinstead become to looking at their disfigured young friends that facial injuries and plastic repair became normal subjects of village conversation. Pigs thought nothing of advertising publicly for lost belongings, such as "one blue artificial eye answering to the name of Joey, lost between the Crown and Blackwell Hollow" and "a sleek, seductive dark toupee, lost between the Hospital and Warfenside."

This note of humor is typical of Sir Archibald's battered but "re-built" patients. One of their favorite stories relates how a group of Pigs were sitting one day in an East Grinstead pub with a non-Guinea Pig friend from London. Suddenly the pub owner came up and said, "Welcome, young man. What a wonderful job!"

"What do you mean?" asked the non-Pig.

"Your face," said the pub owner. "Why, it's almost natural!"

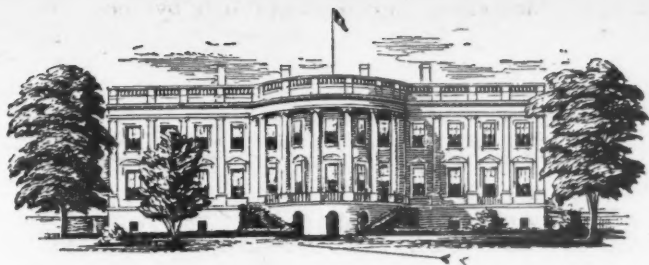
The Voice of Experience



IT HAPPENED IN THE perfume department of a large store. A young lady with a baby in her arms stepped up to the counter and carefully surveyed the display

which included "My Sin," "Tabu," "Ecstasy," "Irresistible" and "Surrender." Quietly she asked the salesgirl, "Would you care to have a testimonial?"

—Swing



INAUGURATION FOOTNOTES*

by THEODORE RUBIN

LINCOLN, GRANT, HAYES, Garfield and Benjamin Harrison wore beards. Cleveland, Taft and Theodore Roosevelt sported moustaches. Chester A. Arthur wore both sideburns and a moustache.

When it was discovered that Grant's term expired on a Sunday, President-elect Hayes took the oath privately on Saturday, March 3, 1877, and publicly on the following Monday. Thus, for a few hours the country had two Presidents.

Lincoln, standing six feet four, and Madison, less than five feet four, were the physical extremes in office.

Three Presidents did not use their first names: Stephen Grover Cleveland, Thomas Woodrow Wilson and John Calvin Coolidge.

Zachary Taylor never stayed in one place long enough to become a qualified voter.

John Adams and John Quincy Adams were father and son; William Henry Harrison was Benjamin Harrison's grandfather; Madison and Taylor were second cousins; and Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt were fifth cousins.

Theodore Roosevelt, 42, was the youngest President to be inaugurated; William Henry Harrison at 68 was the oldest.

James Buchanan was the only bachelor President.

John Quincy Adams, Hayes and Benjamin Harrison were elected although their opponents had a larger vote at the polls. Jefferson was elected by the House of Representatives.

Andrew Johnson served in the Senate after leaving the presidency.

Taft was the first President of the entire 48 states, and the only President to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

Eight Presidents were born British subjects. Van Buren was the first President born a citizen of the U.S. to occupy the White House.

Originally, the President's salary was \$25,000 a year. In Grant's second term, this was increased to \$50,000. In 1907, a \$25,000 traveling allowance was added, and near the end of Theodore Roosevelt's second term, Congress upped the salary to \$75,000, plus expenses.

*With another inaugural in the offing, here is an interesting collection of miscellaneous information about former occupants of the White House

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

by JOSEF ISRAELS II



RICHARD WAGNER played and praised a Steinway piano. So did Franz Liszt, Sergei Rachmaninoff and Fats Waller. So today do Artur Rubinstein, Arturo Toscanini, Josef Hofmann, Duke Ellington, Vladimir Horowitz, Hazel Scott and a large majority of the top musicians in the United States.

With a few exceptions, every major symphonic orchestra in this country has named Steinway its official piano. On an average Sunday, most of the musical announcements in the big-city papers will unfailingly list the "Steinway Piano" in curt tribute to what its makers have tagged "The Instrument of the Immortals."

These evidences of loyalty to a family and a product stem from a unique relationship which the Steinways have maintained for generations with the world's leading artists. Just one of the results today is that Steinway can't promise delivery on a concert grand, a sleek black nine-foot monster costing close to \$6,000, until early in 1950. Nor would any corporate member of the Steinway family consider for a minute withdrawing for sale any

of the 600 grands maintained in a world-wide pool for the use of artists in practice rooms and on concert stages.

It is indicative of the firm's regard for artistic prestige, as opposed to mere profits, that the entire stock of prized concert instruments is controlled not by the sales department but by Alexander Greiner, the company's widely known liaison officer with artists everywhere. Seldom has Greiner risked disappointing an opera singer or symphony orchestra just to make a sale to a mere paying customer. To this, every Steinway from Theodore E., president, to young Frederick, who has just started on his educative years as a factory apprentice, gives wholehearted approval.

In 1947, Steinway provided pianos for about 20,000 concerts—1,542 of them in New York City. There is no charge to the artist beyond the actual cartage to and from concert halls and for tuning. Yet that cost is sometimes considerable.

When William Kapell, young American pianist, took off not long ago for a concert tour of South America, two grands preceded him by ship. The project cost the artist



For generations, concert musicians throughout the world have played on and lent the luster of their names to Steinway pianos

some \$600 in freight, but he felt that having a perfect instrument for his 40 appearances below the equator was more than worth it.

Scores of artists regard the Steinways and Greiner as advisers, confidants, managers, matrimonial counselors and, above all, good friends. Today, Paderewski's career at the Steinway keyboard is still a source of great pride to the firm, for it was William Steinway, father of the present president, who gambled \$30,000 in guarantees on the great Pole's first U. S. tour and won not only a smashing personal success for Paderewski but a great new popularity for the piano as a cultural adornment in the best homes.

In his later years, Paderewski didn't make a move without Steinway help and approval. Two concert grands traveled with the master in his special railroad car, with a private tuner in attendance.

The exigencies of touring by hundreds of temperamental artists into every corner of the world have in-

ured the Steinway executives to anything. Greiner likes to recall the time when Paderewski wired from Florida: "I have left behind in Hotel Buckingham the pants to my tuxedo. My daughter has left behind her aquarium containing the 12 turtles, and the valet forgot to order a thousand of my favorite cigarettes." Greiner simply went to the hotel, then over to Fifth Avenue for the special cigarettes, and shipped turtles, pants and smokes posthaste to the master.

It was Greiner who recently received a frantic wire from Artur Rubinstein, who had arrived in Buenos Aires for a recital only to find that his piano was stranded on a ship in the harbor. The vessel couldn't dock because of a waterfront strike. There were plenty of other Steinways in Buenos Aires, but Rubinstein wouldn't accept an instrument to which he was unaccustomed. So another grand was trucked to a transport plane and flown to Argentina.

The tradition of Steinway supremacy and perfection goes back more than a century, when the firm's founder, Heinrich Engelhard Steinweg (the name was later

Anglicized), built a piano by hand for his son, Theodor, in a Harz Mountain village where Heinrich was a forester and cabinetmaker. For 14 years, while Theodor was growing up, he labored at creating the best instrument the world had yet seen, with three strings to give each note a richness comparable to the piano as we know it today.

Young Theodor was old enough to help at the end. When the piano was finished, he took it to the State Fair at Braunschweig, where it not only won a medal but a batch of orders for similar pianos. These orders encouraged Heinrich to concentrate on piano making, and so in time did all eight of his children.

Especially Charles, who adopted the Steinway spelling when he came to New York after Germany's 1848 revolution. Soon his father joined him, bringing a little capital. Daughter Doretta also came along, to become the firm's crack salesman at its first combination factory salesroom in a barn on Varick Street. When prospects hesitated because no one in the family could play the luxurious new instrument, Doretta gave lessons to mothers or children to make the sale.

In 1865, Theodor came from Germany to help his father, and it is the career of Theodor's brother, William, which couples the firm's early history to the vast musical prestige of the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries. He moved the factory to Park Avenue and 53rd Street, then way uptown. He grew an impressive beard and built the first Steinway Hall on 14th Street; it was the town's top concert stage until Carnegie Hall came along.

Scores of notables, including

Adelina Patti, Fritz Kreisler and Paderewski, appeared there. When Paderewski wanted to pay William the \$15,000 profit his first tour had made, in addition to the original \$30,000 loan, Steinway refused the money, saying, "To have discovered you is pay enough."

William became something of a power in New York politics and, as president of the Rapid Transit Commission, planned the first East River tunnel. Today, subway trains go out into what is known as the Steinway section of Long Island City, where the Steinway name is prominently displayed all over the place, except on the two big factories which William started in 1872.

One concentrates on woodworking, which is, after all, the heart and soul of a piano. The other assembles frames and 11,000 other parts of wood, metal, cloth and ivory into nearly 5,000 pianos a year, whose dimensions vary from the "spinnet" uprights to massive grands. Production, however, has not always boomed. In 1932, the Depression combined with radio and phonographs to shut down the factory for a year, but the Steinways kept key personnel on the pay roll. During World War II, the firm made wooden wings and other parts for the troop-carrying gliders, plus some 2,500 "GI pianos"—tiny uprights which served for entertainment from South Pacific islands to the interior of submarines.

TO A VISITOR IN a fine piano factory, the most-surprising thing is the precision with which wood may be worked after it has been properly selected and seasoned. Ever wonder how a curved outside case is made

for a grand piano? It isn't a single piece of massive wood. It is built up from layer after layer of thin, smooth sheets of maple and dramatically bent dry around a master frame. The mahogany or walnut outside is just a thin veneer.

Steinway makes every part of its pianos except the ivory keys, some small parts and the cast-iron frames, which hold a string pull of some 20 tons with absolute precision. The frames bear a serial number by which the firm is always able to tell just where each one places in the continuous series of some 330,000 Steinways already produced.

All along the complicated production line, selected woods are cut, glued, painted and polished to perfection. Toward the end comes the tone regulating, in which the big men of the factory, the "regulators," have final say. These highly paid craftsmen "voice" the piano. Slowly the regulator tests the tonal quality of each note. If he isn't satisfied, he can send the piano back to the point in the line where some imperfection cropped up.

Steinway Hall, now on West 57th Street, comprises a tall office building, a small, much-used concert hall, an impressive piano showroom, and a radio, phonograph and record section which the Steinways added a few years ago in concession to frequent requests from their customers.

Besides facilities for demonstrating pianos, Steinway Hall provides testing and practice rooms for concert artists. Pianists come to the Hall, or sometimes to the factory, and try piano after piano until they find one that seems to fit their musical personality. Then, insofar as



possible, Greiner tries to keep that instrument available for them.

He is used to a request from Artur Rubinstein for Concert No. 1312, or from Oscar Levant for his beloved 1407. Only Josef Hofmann's pianos differ physically from other Steinways. Because this artist's hands are unusually small, his keyboard is an inch and a quarter narrower, enabling him to equal other players' finger spans.

In the salesroom stands a scale model of the second piano the firm has made for the White House. It was selected by Franklin D. Roosevelt to replace the famous \$18,000 "Gold Piano" presented to the government by Steinway in 1903. This historic instrument, on which generations of distinguished artists played for White House musicales, is now in the Smithsonian Institution. The new piano is a special grand standing on majestic gold eagles in the Federal style.

EACH SPRING, as the concert season ends, there is a family reunion at Steinway Hall of the hundreds of pianos which have been touring with their artists. They come in for reconditioning against another season of sleeper jumps and heavily played concertos. And often there are strange evidences of a piano's adventures. Scented handkerchiefs, lost money, fan mail, decayed food or music are found within the case.

Steinwayites raised only a dis-

creet eyebrow when a piano returned after a concert given by Rudolf Serkin produced a live white rabbit from its depths. A tuner took it home as a pet. A piano Gene Krupa had rented for his band's appearance on Broadway came in with a horrible rattling in its base. Technicians removed 14 drumsticks, which were returned to Krupa with a polite letter.

Few continually used devices last as long as a piano. Outside of dusting and tuning, most owners figure that the instrument will get along by itself. That is largely true, but the Steinways, despite often encountering their own pianos hale and hearty after 50 years, wish people would take a little more care of their instruments. They recommend tuning a minimum of three times a year. Leave the keyboard cover open, for ivory is inclined to yellow in the dark. But the top should be closed to keep out dust. Moths are a dangerous enemy, so Steinway recommends frequent inside cleaning and placing of moth killers near the felts.

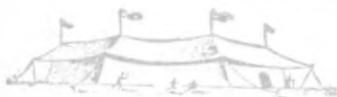
The Steinways have little apprehension for the future of pianos. They discount the trade's appre-

hension that television will lead even more families away from the piano. The instrument has survived phonographs, radio, four wars and several depressions, and it will survive video too. In the long run, the Steinways are convinced that if their pianos continue to be the choice of so many musicians whose name and talent count, they will also find their way into more and more cultured homes in the U. S. and abroad. So they will continue to enlarge and develop the list of "Steinway artists."

If, some time in the development of a brilliant new career at the piano or in other fields of music, Steinway lets an artist know that a Steinway grand will always be at his disposal, the artist is naturally flattered. And Steinway is flattered by the knowledge that henceforth the two invaluable words, "Steinway Piano," will appear on every concert program, advertisement and poster of that artist.

Theodore Steinway describes this policy of his firm as "an experiment in friendship and an adventure in loyalty. We have yet to be disappointed because we helped a musician to use a Steinway."

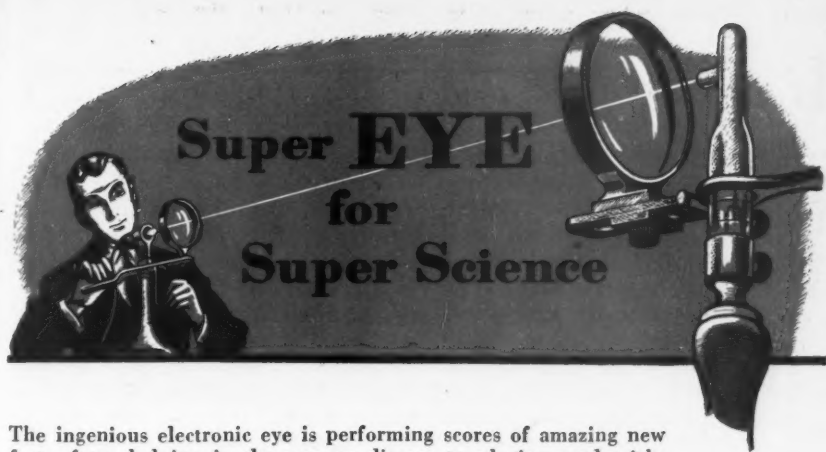
Lots More Fun!



WHEN THE CIRCUS visited one town, masses of kids crept under the "big top" where a tent pin was loose. The police chased them now and then, but the youngsters all

managed to slip in eventually. Asked why he gave up the chase so easily, the cop answered, "Boss's orders, lady. It used to be that the circus let kids in free Saturdays, but the new boss decided to stop that. Said it took all the fun out of gettin' in free. Now we chase 'em just to make it exciting."

—Capper's Weekly



Super EYE for Super Science

The ingenious electronic eye is performing scores of amazing new feats, from helping in the war on disease to playing card tricks

by **ROBERT FROMAN**

MEDICAL RESEARCHERS from the Dayton, Ohio, Air Force base were up against a tough assignment. They had to determine just how rapid a climb could be withstood by pilots of the zooming new jet planes. They also had to find out how much extra oxygen would be needed on the way up.

One way to solve both problems was to keep track of the oxygen content of the pilot's blood during the climb. But what conceivable instrument could perform this delicate and complicated task under such exacting conditions?

Dozens of experiments resulted only in dozens of failures. Then one member of the research team had an inspiration. "Let's see if the electronics boys can rig up an electric eye to do the job."

Out of that inspiration has come a compact little device which peers through the ear lobe and records the precise shade of red in the

blood. From that bit of information—since it is oxygen which lends blood its color—physicians can calculate the exact amount of oxygen, circulating through the system at any given moment.

This is only one of hundreds of fantastic new uses to which the electric eye has recently been put. Nowadays, whenever engineers are called upon to do something that "can't be done," they almost automatically turn to the electric eye. They have found that the device will smell the air to warn of smoke, taste water to detect impurities, feel a piece of sheet steel to make sure it is perfectly smooth, or listen for the approach of icebergs in the North Atlantic.

It even condescends to the frivolity of card tricks. Dr. Phillips Thomas, formerly a science lecturer sponsored by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, has rigged up a weird contraption using four electric eyes, to which he shows a pack of cards. Promptly the device



chooses either four aces or a royal flush. Fortunately, the apparatus is too bulky to be worn up the sleeve.

There is nothing frivolous, however, about what the electric eye is doing for the blind. Dr. Clifford M. Witcher, sightless physicist of the American Foundation for the Blind, has perfected an electric-eye device which enables blind laboratory technicians to read meters and other scientific instruments. The electronic eye scans the meter and sounds a musical note to indicate the needle's position.

Another inventor, Robert Naumburg, is perfecting a remarkable machine called the Printing Visagraph, which reads print with an electric eye and translates it into raised letters on sheets of aluminum foil. A blind person can learn to read these letters with his fingers at rates up to 40 words a minute, too slow for general reading but good enough for technical material, charts and graphs.

The basic element of all electric-eye devices is the photoelectric cell, one of the most ingenious achievements of modern science. Its feats are fabulous. The human eye, for instance, does well to distinguish 10,000 shades of color. The photocell knows and reacts differently to each of more than 2,000,000 shades—a capability that makes it ideal for regulating the colors of paints and dyes.

Counting is another activity at which the electric eye excels. It can number and keep track of objects at

a speed which seems only a dizzy blur to the human eye. In textile mills, strips of cloth glide continuously between rollers at a speed of several miles an hour. If either edge starts to outrun the other, the whole operation is upset. But photocells at each edge count the crosswise threads as they pass, even though the rate is several thousand a second. At the slightest variation in the totals of the two counts, the eyes activate a mechanism which realigns the strip.

A more common counting operation for the electric eye is at the entrances of public buildings, exhibits and the like, where it numbers visitors as they enter. Usually the eye is foolproof in performing this task, but at a recent exhibit of the New Haven Railroad in New York's Grand Central Terminal it met its Waterloo.

The conqueror was a small boy. The youngster was so fascinated by the device that he never actually entered the exhibit. Instead, he spent the afternoon passing one hand back and forth in front of the eye and listening intently to the clicks as the machine rolled up a record "attendance" total.

Where small boys can be excluded, however, the eye is 100 per cent reliable, as in a device developed by a Westinghouse metallurgist. It sorts particles of powdered metal to be used in molding gears, bearings and other machine parts. It is vitally important to know the sizes of the particles in order to mold

them properly. The photocell quickly and efficiently sorts them out right down to the smallest, which is about one-fortieth of an inch in diameter.

Most glamorous of all the roles being played by the electric eye is that of sentinel in the night. Beams of "black" or infrared light, invisible to the human eye, crisscross all entrances to the area being guarded. The instant an intruder crosses a beam, the photocell sounds an alarm.

A detective agency has installed on the premises of its clients a clever addition to this device. Developed by General Electric, it consists of a concealed camera, a flash bulb and a noisemaker. If a burglar should happen to cross one of the beams, the noisemaker would attract his attention, the flash bulb would go off, the camera shutter would click—and another portrait would be added to the local rogues' gallery.

LINKED WITH THE X RAY, the electric eye is playing an important part in the campaign against tuberculosis. Periodic X rays of the chests of large groups of people make it possible to catch the disease early and check its spread. For years, however, such mass X rays were almost prohibitively expensive, since each exposure had to be individually measured and adjusted by an expert technician.

Now an electric-eye device called the photo-timer—invented by two researchers at the University of Chicago radiological laboratories and made by Westinghouse—does the measuring and adjusting automatically. As a result, 60 people can now be examined at the same

cost as for a single examination by the old method. Since the device was perfected three years ago, it has aided in the X-raying of more than 30,000,000 human chests.

Many cities use electric-eye devices to guard the purity of drinking water. At the slightest discoloration, the photocell operates a valve which diverts water from the mains to a drain ditch. In distilleries, breweries and oil refineries, the eye has a similar application. Peering unblinkingly through the pipes in which liquids flow, it detects any unwanted change in color and issues an immediate alarm.

Installed in out-of-the-way parts of planes and ships, the eye keeps a continuous lookout for the slightest sign of smoke. It watches the smoke in factory and powerhouse chimneys too, but for a different reason. Smoke is industrial waste, and the purpose of the eye is to keep that waste at a minimum.

When the smoke reaches a certain thickness, it obscures a beam of light located in the stack, and the electric eye rings a bell in the fireroom. As soon as the firemen correct the fuel intake, the light again reaches the eye and the bell stops ringing.

Traffic applications of the electric eye are innumerable. It counts cars using a route so that highway engineers can better understand traffic problems. It clocks speeds more remorselessly than the most determined motorcycle cop. And in a more specialized application, it turns on a light to stop cars at the approach of a horse to a bridle-path crossing on a highway.

The U. S. Weather Bureau has also been putting the eye to work;

one device measures the exact height of clouds up to an altitude of two miles. Another is a "sunfall" meter which records the quantity of ultraviolet rays penetrating to the earth's surface. With it, weather experts hope to determine the relationship, if any, between ultraviolet sunfall, weather and health in different parts of the country.

Westinghouse engineers have suggested a weather alarm clock for use by suburban commuters in the winter. This would stand watch for snow during the night and rout the householder out of bed early if he needs extra time to dig out his driveway in order to catch the 8:15 train to the city.


In spite of the wonders already achieved, scientists admit that they have only begun to test possible uses for the photocell. Right now it is being put to work in huge, almost unimaginably complicated calcu-

lating machines. In them it helps perform in a few hours computations which would require years of continuous effort by the best human brains.

Another possible application may someday create safe-and-sane robot drivers. On the open highway the photocell could scan continuously a line painted down the center or along the side of the road and keep a lookout in front and behind for other cars. Linked with automatic speed and direction controls, the device could remove much of the danger from highway driving.

But perhaps there is a limit at which we humans will call a halt to this invasion of our domain. A new high was recently reached when a Westinghouse genius rigged an electric eye to call balls and strikes at home plate. Now who could get any fun out of throwing pop bottles at a robot umpire?

The Nature of Man

 **G**US SCHMIDT, the meanest man in town, had passed away. A disinterested few turned out for his funeral and there was considerable embarrassment at the grave when the presiding clergyman asked for a brief eulogy from anyone in the group. Gus had been a troublemaker all his life and consequently had no friends.

However, Clem Dodd was a kindhearted gentleman and volunteered to pay tribute to the departed. Removing his hat and bowing his head, he asserted: "I'll say this about Gus Schmidt. He wasn't as mean sometimes—as he was other times!"

—HERBERT BLOOM



TWO HIRED HANDS from neighboring farms were telling each other their troubles. One was complaining about not getting enough to eat.

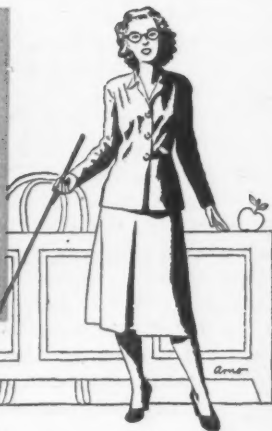
"Only this morning," he said, "the cook says to me, 'Do you know how many pancakes you've eaten already this morning?' I told her I didn't have occasion to count them. 'Well,' she says, 'that last one was the 26th.' And it made me so wild I got up from the table and went to work without my breakfast."

—JOE RUSSELL

How to Spell a Word

Spelling is no cinch—and don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise. It's a wise person who knows when he's misspelling a word. This short test is designed to check up on your ability in that direction.

In each line below you will find four words—one of them purposely misspelled. It's up to you to find the error. If you can come out top man at least 15 times out of 20, you're probably a better speller than you realize. (Answers on page 172.)



1. (a) alright, (b) coolly, (c) supersede, (d) disappear
2. (a) inoculate, (b) definately, (c) irresistibile, (d) recommend
3. (a) incidentally, (b) dissipate, (c) seperate, (d) balloon
4. (a) argument, (b) ecstasy, (c) occurance, (d) analyze
5. (a) sacrilegious, (b) weird, (c) pronounciation, (d) repitition
6. (a) drunkenness, (b) embarrassment, (c) weird, (d) irritable
7. (a) noticeable, (b) superintendant, (c) absence, (d) development
8. (a) vicious, (b) conscience, (c) panicy, (d) amount
9. (a) accessible, (b) pursue, (c) exhilarate, (d) insistant
10. (a) naïveté, (b) necessary, (c) catagory, (d) professor
11. (a) rhythmical, (b) sergeant, (c) vaccuum, (d) assassin
12. (a) benefitted, (b) allotted, (c) corroborate, (d) despair
13. (a) diphtheria, (b) grandeur, (c) rediculous, (d) license
14. (a) tranquillity, (b) symmetry, (c) occassion, (d) privilege
15. (a) tarrif, (b) tyranny, (c) battalion, (d) archipelago
16. (a) bicycle, (b) geneology, (c) liquefy, (d) bettor
17. (a) defense, (b) batchelor, (c) kidnaped, (d) parallel
18. (a) whisky, (b) likable, (c) bookkeeper, (d) accomodate
19. (a) comparitive, (b) mayonnaise, (c) indispensable, (d) dexterous
20. (a) dictionary, (b) cantaloupe, (c) existance, (d) ukulele

by JOHN BARKHAM



SOUTH AFRICA:

New Frontier



U. S. industry has found a rich market in the land of gold and diamonds

THE BIG PAN-AMERICAN plane circled over Palmietfontein, the Johannesburg airport. The tractor salesman from Denver yawned. It had been a long haul down the length of Africa—hours of flying over desert and swamp, hours more over dank green jungle. The salesman was homesick. But the feeling began to pass the moment the plane touched earth.

An immigration official said heartily: "Welcome to South Africa!" Outside the terminal, a line of Cadillacs whisked passengers toward Johannesburg's skyscrapers. In heavy downtown traffic (almost every car was American), the salesman glanced around excitedly.

He saw drugstores, cafeterias, an automat—familiar names like Heinz, Stetson, Elizabeth Arden. Hollywood bills plastered the movie houses. There was a nip in the air: people walked with springy step.

"Gosh!" said the man from Denver. "Can this be *Africa*?"

He was remarking a fact that more and more Americans are dis-

covering every day. In a fast-contracting world, the Union of South Africa is becoming a new land of promise for Yankee trade and travelers. Already it shines like a brilliant beacon in a continent that is still largely dark.

This is the land of the veld, where Briton, Boer and native still live in what remains of their old-time frontier isolation. This is a land almost twice the size of Texas, with virtually the same climate and fertility. Only instead of oil, South Africans have gold and diamonds. Here, unhurried by history, they have quietly gone about the prosperous business of pioneering—prosperous, that is, for the white man.

If you ask a South African about the population, he will answer: "Two and a half million." Then, as an afterthought, he will add: "And nine million blacks."

The fact that a white population no bigger than that of Brooklyn produces 47 per cent of the world's gold, plus much of its diamonds, platinum and coal, is responsible for South Africa's almost-frenzied pros-

perity. Its "Golden City" is Johannesburg, a booming metropolis of 725,000 that stands in the center of the famed Witwatersrand gold reef. It looks, lives and acts like Denver, Milwaukee or any American city of comparable size.

Throughout South Africa, a duality of culture is the first thing that amazes the visiting American. The public signs he sees everywhere (Ladies-Dames or Gentlemen-Here) are not repetitious or superfluous but merely bilingual. The Union, he finds, not only has two nationalities (Britons and Boers), but two languages (English and Afrikaans), two capitals (Cape Town and Pretoria), and two distinctive outlooks. The history of the country is, in fact, the story of these two influences acting upon each other.

SOUTH AFRICA, LIKE AMERICA, began its modern history some three centuries ago when Dutch settlers landed in Table Bay, where Cape Town now stands. For the next 150 years, the little colony explored the veld and fought the natives. Then, early in the 19th century, the British came and opened a new era in South African history.

The Boer was a sturdy, upstanding fellow, allergic to authority. The British left him pretty much alone—until diamonds were discovered at Kimberley in 1870 and gold in Johannesburg in 1886. Then an influx of fortune seekers quickened London's interest. Britain was enjoying an era of imperialism, and a clash with the little Boer republics was inevitable. It came in the Boer War at the turn of the century.

Ten years after her victory, Britain gave the Boers back their polit-

ical freedom. Today, as a self-governing Dominion, South Africa is as free as any nation in the world. Although it remains within the British Commonwealth, the association is voluntary. Its decision to enter World War II was taken by a Parliamentary majority of only 13 votes.

The tiny Union Jack which the visitor will find in the South African flag scraped through in the same way. The flag originally had three horizontal stripes of orange, white and blue. When the British demanded a corner for the Union Jack, the Afrikaners demanded two corners for the old Boer standards. So all three were squeezed unbecomingly into the center stripe.

An abundance of cheap labor gives the South African way of life a leisurely spaciousness. South Africans invariably tell you: "More is ook 'n dag" (Tomorrow is another day). Housewives have virtually no servant problem (good workers are plentiful at \$20 a month). And South African hospitality, especially to visitors, is crushing. It begins with steaming coffee at daybreak (an old Boer custom), and continues throughout the day till the mule-kick "Sundowners," in excellent domestic brandy, at night.

The Afrikaner of today is big-boned, vigorous and robustly extrovert. These qualities, plus his friendliness and generosity, make him much like a Midwesterner. He prefers country to city life, and on broad plains that remind you of Wyoming and Iowa, he farms up to 60,000 acres.

In all he does, the Afrikaner is folksy and down to earth. He lives in distinctive white-gabled houses for which he has not bothered to

find a name. Outside the cities he clings to his traditions, such as doing his courting by candlelight. Farmers still use ox-drawn covered wagons, though they garage them between tractors and sedans.

The Afrikaner is handy with a gun and likes a fight for its own sake. In 1914, after the outbreak of World War I, Gen. Louis Botha telegraphed his ex-Boer War aide, Coen Brits, to meet him at Stander-ton Station with a command of 1,000 men. When Botha alighted at the station, Brits was waiting with his horsemen.

"Here we are, *Generaal*," said Brits. "Whom do we fight? The British or the Germans?"

Afrikaners did no bowing or curt-sying when Britain's King and Queen visited the Union last year. They didn't know how. The May-ress of one large city who tried it overbalanced and capsized in the royal presence. In the capital city of Pretoria, the Mayor who wel-comed Their Majesties was an Afri-kaner who had been a wartime guest of the King—as a pro-Nazi internee. Half a dozen other internees are members of Parliament.

THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICANS, about 1,000,000 in number, are as frontier-minded as their Afrikaner fellow-citizens, but prefer business to politics. Hence they run most of the country's industries while the Afrikaners run its Parli-ament. Every Prime Minister of the Union has been an Afrikaner, with Jan Christiaan Smuts as the great-est of them all.

Smuts' recent election defeat by the Nationalist Party no more in-hibits his reputation than did Win-

ston Churchill lose face by defeat in England. Smuts has dominated his native land ever since he took his Boer commandos into battle against the British. For 30 years, he has either led its Parliament or headed its opposition. He has fought in three wars and has helped to shape the peace after each. Between times he has found time to do botanical research and formulate his own philosophy of Holism.

Now in his 79th year, this elder statesman with cold blue eyes is ac-tive, gracious, and bristling with vi-tality. In summer he still sleeps on the porch of his weather-beaten cot-tage near Pretoria, and on his birth-day he still climbs 3,500-foot Table Mountain. His white hair and goatee have thinned, and he no longer speaks for the Government; but his judgments and appraisals, spoken in high-pitched, Afrikaans-accented English, are as penetrat-ing as ever.

The essence of Smuts' philosophy asserts that everything in nature as-pires to be a whole. All his adult life he has done his best to apply this theory to himself and his country. His youngest child, a daughter named Louis, was born during the Boer War in a British detention camp. Mrs. Smuts swore that her child would never speak English.

Later Smuts said to her: "Some day Louis will not only speak Eng-lish—she may marry an English-man." Louis did, and her example was followed by five more of the Smuts children.

Dr. Daniel Francois Malan, South Africa's new Prime Minister, has never thought this way. As a boy, he took lessons from Smuts in the Dutch Reformed Sunday school



in Stellenbosch. As a man, he tried to teach Smuts that Afrikaners should be masters in their own house. Last May, the voters finally gave him his chance.

For more than 20 years, Malan has crusaded against Britain in pulpit, press and Parliament. If, for the time being, he soft-pedals his plan for a South African republic, it will only be because of his small majority in Parliament. Malan is able, humorless, and unswervingly dedicated to the credo "Boere Bo" (Boers on top).

SOUTH AFRICA NO LONGER has any big-game hunting to offer visitors. Old-timers remember when trains used to toot to call attention to animals beside the tracks. Now the only wild game left is in Kruger National Park and other game sanctuaries.

Inside the 8,000-square-mile Kruger sanctuary, some 60,000 animals of every kind live unmolested. Tourists drive through the Park, but the animals ignore them. Every few miles, however, there are signs: "Don't Get Out of Your Car" (lions may attack you) or "Don't Stop to Photograph Elephants" (they like to overturn cars). Once a year, Park rangers take a lion census, and if the population is too high they shoot enough old males to restore a natural balance.

The only surviving handful of Bushmen, the original inhabitants of South Africa, live in another of

the Union's sanctuaries, the Kalahari Desert National Park. These pigmies are now close to extinction. By assembling the only purebred specimens

it could find inside a gunfree antelope park, the South African Government hopes to preserve the Bushman for posterity.

But fauna and aborigines are part of a past on which the Union has turned its back. The South African's ingrained love of freedom has directed the eyes of the young Afrikaner toward America. The British South African is also looking across the Atlantic—but for different reasons. He wants to sell his minerals and metals, and buy the products of American technology.

The interchange of trade and ideas between the big and little U.S.A.s has now reached fantastic proportions. Excluding gold, South Africa last year sold to America some \$111,000,000 worth of goods—mostly diamonds, chrome, manganese, asbestos, wool and hides. In return, it bought a whopping \$412,300,000 worth of cars, radios, refrigerators, machines, clothes and other manufactured products.

U.S. know-how and local cheap labor have made South Africa's industries efficient and profitable. Johannesburg stands on a 6,000-foot plateau, yet it now mines gold in shafts 4,000 feet *below* sea level. American air conditioning made this possible. The city itself is so honeycombed with stopes and tunnels that earth tremors often set its buildings quivering. Another Yankee importation—steel skyscraper construction—is solving that problem.

U.S. industrialists have begun to

stake South Africa in a big way. "This is the dollar's last frontier," an Ohio tiremaker said recently in Durban. Last year, Yankee concerns invested millions in South African enterprises. American capital has been put into the new Orange Free State gold fields, and controls the rich copper mine at Tsumeb in Southwest Africa.

General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and Studebaker have assembly plants in the Union. Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola bottle their own products there. Firestone and Goodyear make tires in the Union. And South African tipplers, who once meant "Scotch" when they said "whisky," now are switching to American ryes and bourbons.

The visitor sees Americanization wherever he looks. Sunday papers carry colored comics imported from the U.S. The papers themselves, run mostly by English-born editors, print more and more American news because readers demand it.

The switch has extended also to sports. From time immemorial, cricket has been South Africa's summer game. A generation ago the crew of a visiting American warship introduced baseball. Now it is crowding cricket as the nation's most popular summer sport.

Even the native, underprivileged as he is, has not escaped Americanization. In the native quarter of Johannesburg, the visitor finds symptoms of Harlemitis. Round the

dance halls you will hear hep talk and read bills like: "Jive tonight and swing your blues with Sixpence Kotane and his Slap-Happy Maniacs." Yet Sixpence still wears two-inch ivory discs in his ears.

Why has South Africa gone so overboard on Americanism? The answer is partly economic (South Africa is willing to be the best customer of its best customer); partly historical (Afrikaners admire America's achievements); partly political (South Africa is a vigorous nation, at about the stage where the U.S. was three generations ago). It is even beginning to learn, somewhat reluctantly, that a country must have people to become great.

South Africa is a rich but empty land. When you fly over it, you realize that it needs men even more than it needs machines. Last year, the South African Government opened the door wide to immigrants. Some 30,000 streamed in from Europe, and 100,000 more are expected in the next two years.

Experts believe the Union can support a white population ten times greater than its present 2,500,000. They think South Africa's future looks almost as bright as America's. Not long ago, novelist James Hilton predicted that, 100 years from now, the four greatest cities in the world would be: Los Angeles; São Paulo, Brazil; Alma-Ata, Siberia; and Johannesburg, South Africa.

Give and Take



Marriage is a matter of give and take. So what your husband doesn't give you, you will have to take.

—HENRY MORGAN



by MILTON ESTEROW

ONE AUGUST DAY not long ago, two rollypoly customers of the Fat Men's Shop on New York's Third Avenue adjusted their neckties, combed what little hair was left on their balding pates and smiled at a newsreel cameraman who wanted a shot of the pair entering the tiny store.

The entrance is barely four feet wide and both were so eager to get into the picture that they tried to enter simultaneously. The collision that ensued sounded like two tank destroyers meeting head-on. When the doorway stopped shaking, the cameraman and a couple of salesmen labored five minutes before they dislodged the cemented pair.

Several days later, the smoke of battle filled the shop when another

FORM FITTERS TO FAT MEN

Everything's done in a big way
in Mr. Five-by-Five's own shop

pair of 350-pounders, in the midst of a fitting for trousers, exchanged heated words over who possessed the greater dimensions. A frightened clerk, nervously glancing at the show windows, visualized the damage a wrestling match might incur. Quickly he supplied a tape measure to prove that one was the victor horizontally while the other merited the decision vertically. They settled for a draw.

Such are the problems that confront slim, dapper, genial William (Doc) Greenberger, manager of Sig Klein's, the only haberdashery in America, he believes, that caters exclusively to the fat man. Beneath the huge, battered sign over the entrance, bearing a picture of a five-by-five gentleman unblushingly posed in a form-fitting union suit, some 40,000 big men have passed,

calling for a variety of furnishings—from after-dinner jackets to gaudy striped pajamas.

Greenberger, the man who literally lives off the fat of the land, was a dentist by profession who discovered that outfitting the earth's plump inhabitants was less nerve-racking than drilling teeth. When his father-in-law, Sig Klein, died in 1932, Doc left a thriving practice to take over management of the store. He has never regretted it.

When Sig Klein came to America from Vienna in 1880, he worked for a while in a clothing store in downtown New York. Noticing that fat men were being turned away because there were no items to fit them, he took over a general store at 52 Third Avenue, calculating that there were enough fat men in the world to make him prosperous. There were.

Today, the shop's customers include chubbies from the 48 states, Canada, Hawaii, South America, Europe, South Africa and India. Even the chubbiest can be sure he will not be stared at like a circus freak, for a 70-inch waist, a 22-inch collar or a size-16 sock is commonplace at Klein's.

THE BIG MEN DIVIDE themselves into two classes—the "commoners" and the "plutocrats." The "commoners" are the ones with the 46-to-52-inch waists. Greenberger says they're not fat; they just think they are. The "plutocrats," however—who must girth at least 60 inches—just don't give the extra poundage a thought.

Happy Felton, a comedian who weighs in at about 300, recently said: "First time I went to Klein's,

the clerk looked me over and said, 'You need only what we call a small size.' Yet they have pajamas big enough to sail a boat with."

One big fellow recently brought along his wife to help him shop. The lady was amazed at the enormity of the clothes on display—shirts as big as pup tents and lounging slippers that might, in an emergency, be used to paddle down the Mississippi. She surveyed the wares critically, then turned to her husband and remarked sweetly: "You know, you look a lot slimmer than you did before."

Usually, a customer's avoirdupois remains the same. "It doesn't fluctuate with the market," says Greenberger. However, when a big man does contract or expand, he immediately writes to inform Doc of the event. Doc then revises the statistical card that he keeps on all customers.

Clients in far-off lands remit their vital statistics by mail. One South African sent in a card marked "173 waist" and "51 neck." Greenberger was dumfounded. The largest frame he had ever decorated measured 72 at the waist, had a 24 neck and weighed 518 pounds. Yet the South African's dimensions were more than twice as big.

Greenberger was imagining a new race of giants until he suddenly remembered that the metric system of weights and measures is used in most foreign countries. He wiped his brow, calmly took out his pencil and divided by $2\frac{1}{2}$ to get the American equivalent.

During the war, the big men bemoaned the lack of large-size garments. They wrote their Congressmen who, in turn, wrote to Sig

Klein's. One 350-pounder was so desperate that he appealed to President Roosevelt.

"Am down to my last pair of shorts," he wailed.

His problem was referred to the chief of the apparel unit of the War Production Board, who averted a calamity by advising him to get in touch with the Fat Men's Shop.

Throughout the most critical shortages, Doc managed to keep his clients shirted. One shirt, incidentally, will make three for a leaner man; a pair of shorts can be carved into four; a big man's tie would hang almost down to a thinner man's knees.

Right now, Doc is planning to reopen the Long-Slim Department. "Here," he says, "height instead of width is the distinguishing feature. Soon we can boast that our patrons stretch both ways."

Lawyers, Congressmen, actors, opera stars and politicians shop at Klein's, but Doc refuses to capitalize on his customers' avoirdupois by revealing their names. One oversized celebrity, accustomed to a 22-inch neck, recently wrote for a wedding shirt. The shirt was quickly sent away and was even more quickly returned to Klein's with a curt note saying that it was three sizes too large.

"Forgot to mention," he wrote, "that the strenuous task of wooing and winning the lady of my heart has gained me a wife but has cost me 25 pounds."

The slogan of the shop is engraved on a sign that hangs outside. "If everybody was fat there would be no war." In explaining the logic in the words, Greenberger solemnly says, "Why not? They are too good-natured to fight."

Sunday



Episodes

AN EMINENT CLERGYMAN had been trying, unsuccessfully, to raise by contribution the annual interest on the mortgage of the church. At last, he gave up the task as hopeless.

The next Sunday he announced: "I need not say again how much this church stands in need of immediate funds. Time after time, we have tried to obtain this money in the customary way, and have tried honestly. Now we will see what a church bazaar will do."

—From *A Speech for Every Occasion*, by A. C. EDGERTON, published by *Noble and Noble*

THE REGULAR SUNDAY morning service of the First Methodist Church, Mitchell, South Dakota, is broadcast over Mitchell's station, KMHK. In the course of the sermon on a recent Sunday the pastor said, "Let us communicate with the Lord."

The radio audience was amazed to hear a telephone operator cut in with the remark, "Let me have another line, please. My circuits are all busy."

—IRMA BELLE THADEN

The Incomparable Valley: YOSEMITE

LIKE A COLUMN of white-haired giants striding down the west coast of America, the Sierra Nevadas march between the desert and the sea. Warped by glaciers, and clad in the rough, tattered green cloth of forests, they are age-old magnets of enchantment.

To them, in 1868, came John Muir, a young, quiet-eyed botanist from Wisconsin. His great love of the outdoors had already taken him on walking trips through Canada and the southeastern states, and there is no reason to believe that the western mountains were intended as anything but one more link in the chain of his wanderings. But the spell of the Sierras—and particularly jewel-like Yosemite Valley—wove itself tightly around him, and the years of a lifetime were not enough to dispel it. When his good friend, Mrs. Jeanne Carr, cautioned him against remaining too long alone in the mountains, he replied: "I will not be done here for years . . . I am in no hurry . . . I shall fuse in spirit skies."

John Muir married in 1880, but until his death in 1914, at 74, he

never stayed long away from the mountains. Through his efforts national parks and forestry laws were created to preserve the natural beauty of the region. And wherever he went he caught the haunting quality of the moment in the winged thoughts he set down in his journal. He had never aspired to be a writer, but friends persuaded him to publish his work, and in 1902 he compiled his first book—*Our National Parks*. Five more books were to follow, and in them America discovered the lovely, poetic prose that made John Muir famous.

On the following pages, Ansel Adams, the distinguished American photographer, has captured in magnificent black-and-white studies the moods and caprices of Yosemite which held John Muir for a lifetime. The photographs and the John Muir quotations which accompany them form a condensation of Mr. Adams' latest book—*Yosemite and the Sierra Nevadas*. * Together they tell the story of Yosemite—the incomparable valley—a mountain kingdom where beauty lives without end.

*Published by Houghton-Mifflin Company Ltd., Boston, Mass., Copyright 1948

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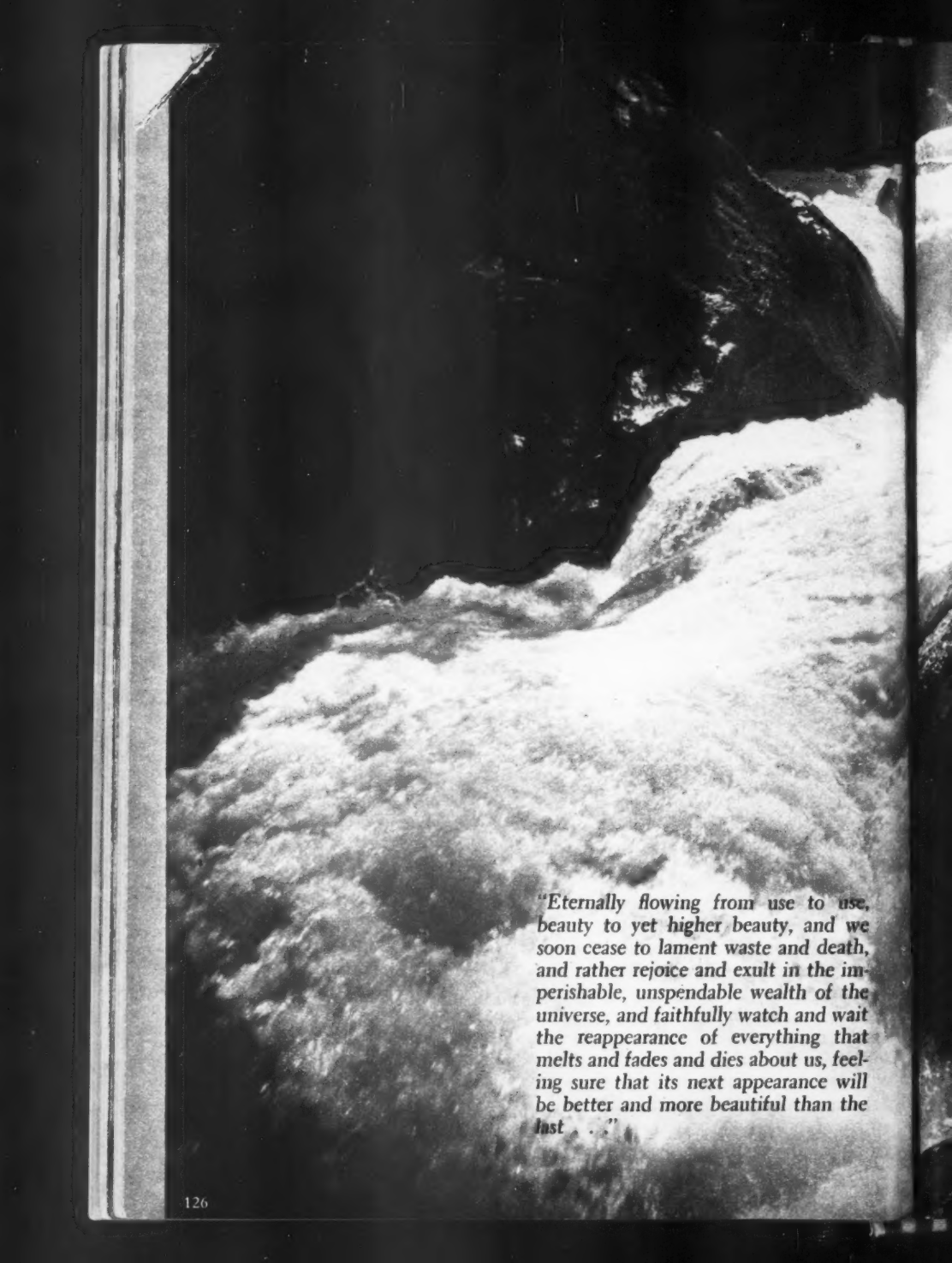
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"A most noble rock, it seems full of thought, clothed with living light, no sense of dead stone about it . . . steadfast in serene strength like a god."





*"Eternally flowing from use to use,
beauty to yet higher beauty, and we
soon cease to lament waste and death,
and rather rejoice and exult in the im-
perishable, unspendable wealth of the
universe, and faithfully watch and wait
the reappearance of everything that
melts and fades and dies about us, feel-
ing sure that its next appearance will
be better and more beautiful than the
last . . ."*





"... down in the bottom of the canyon
grooved and polished bosses heaved
and glistened like swelling sea
waves ..."

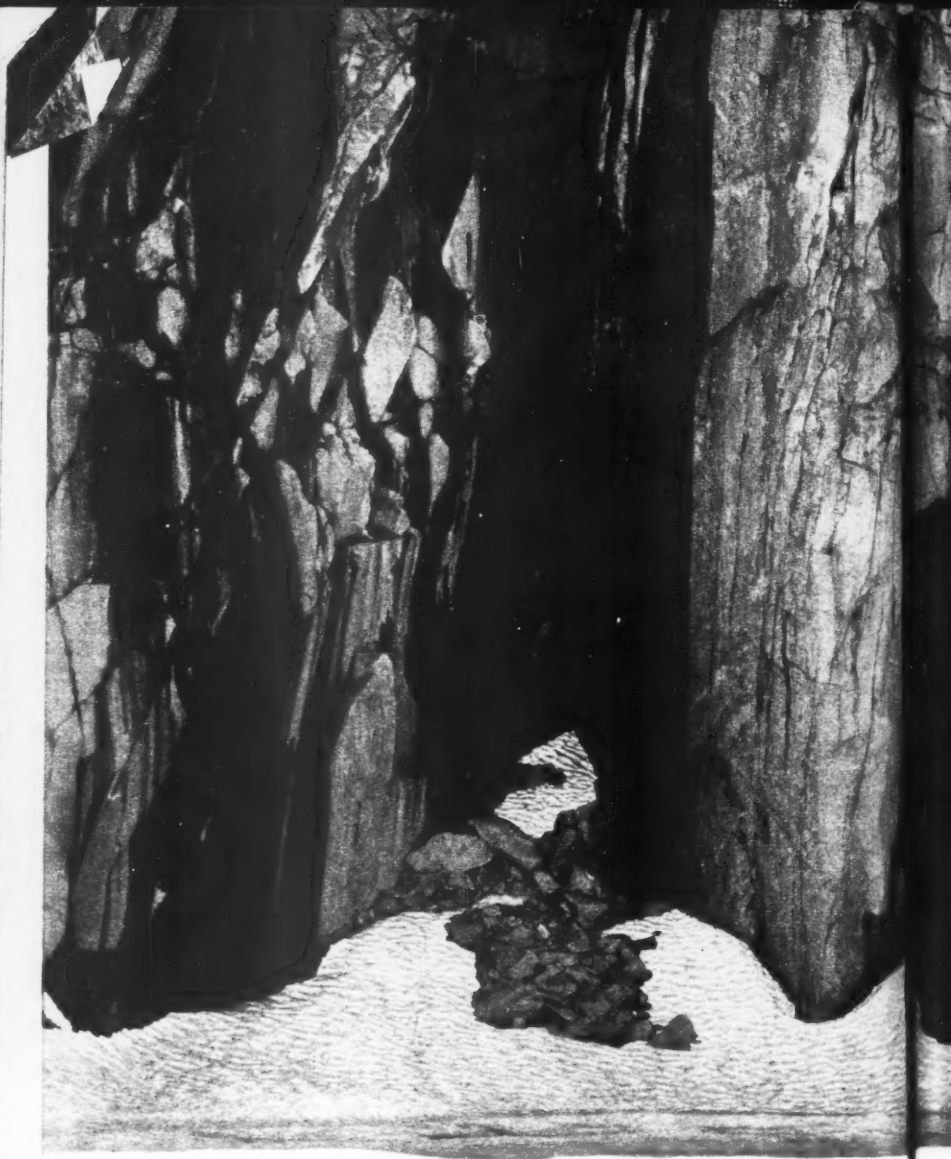




"It was here that you first seemed to join me."



"One rises as if on wings."



"The landscape cold and bare . . .



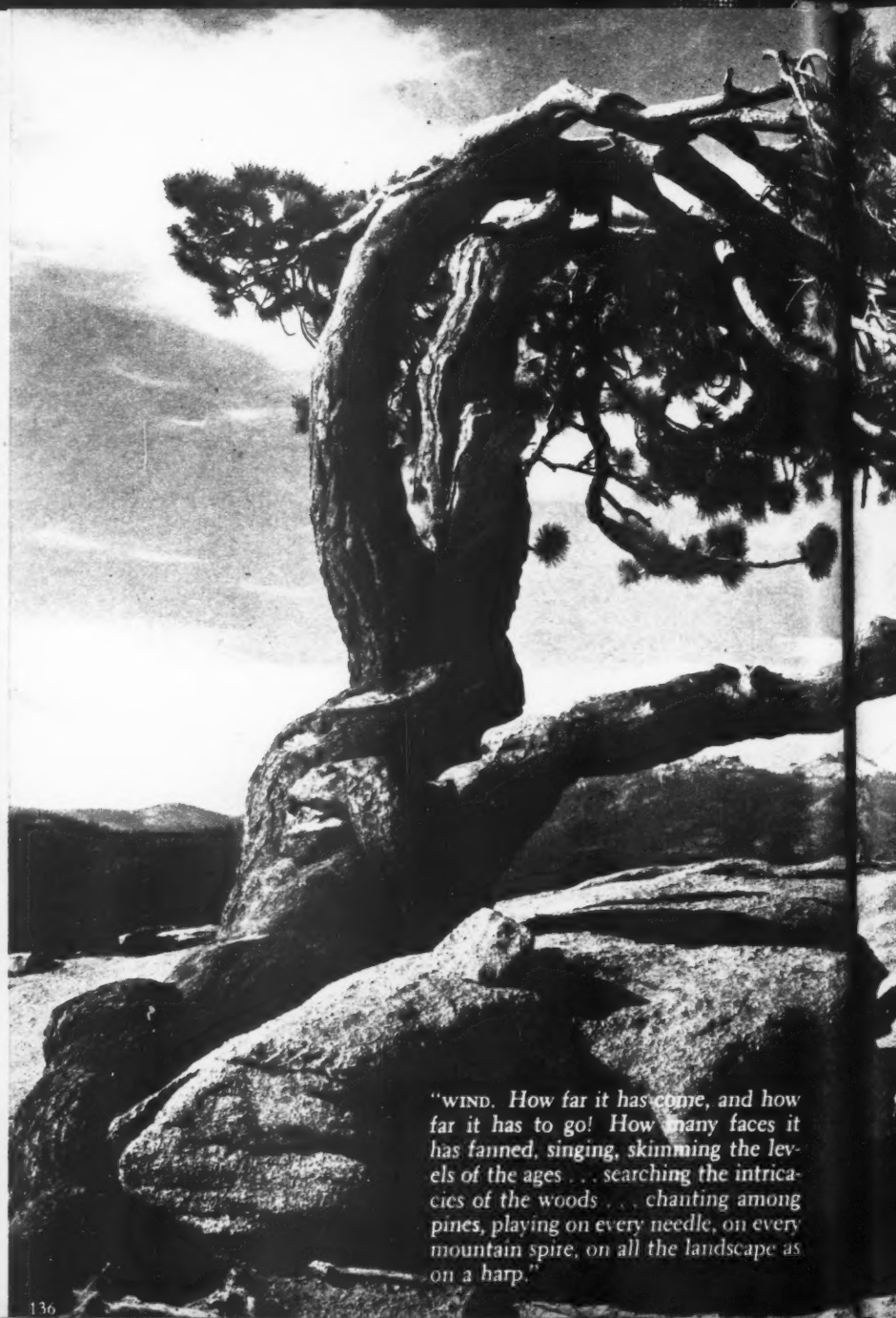
the wind and snow its only visitors."



"Only in the roar of storms do these mighty solitudes find voice at all commensurate with their grandeur."

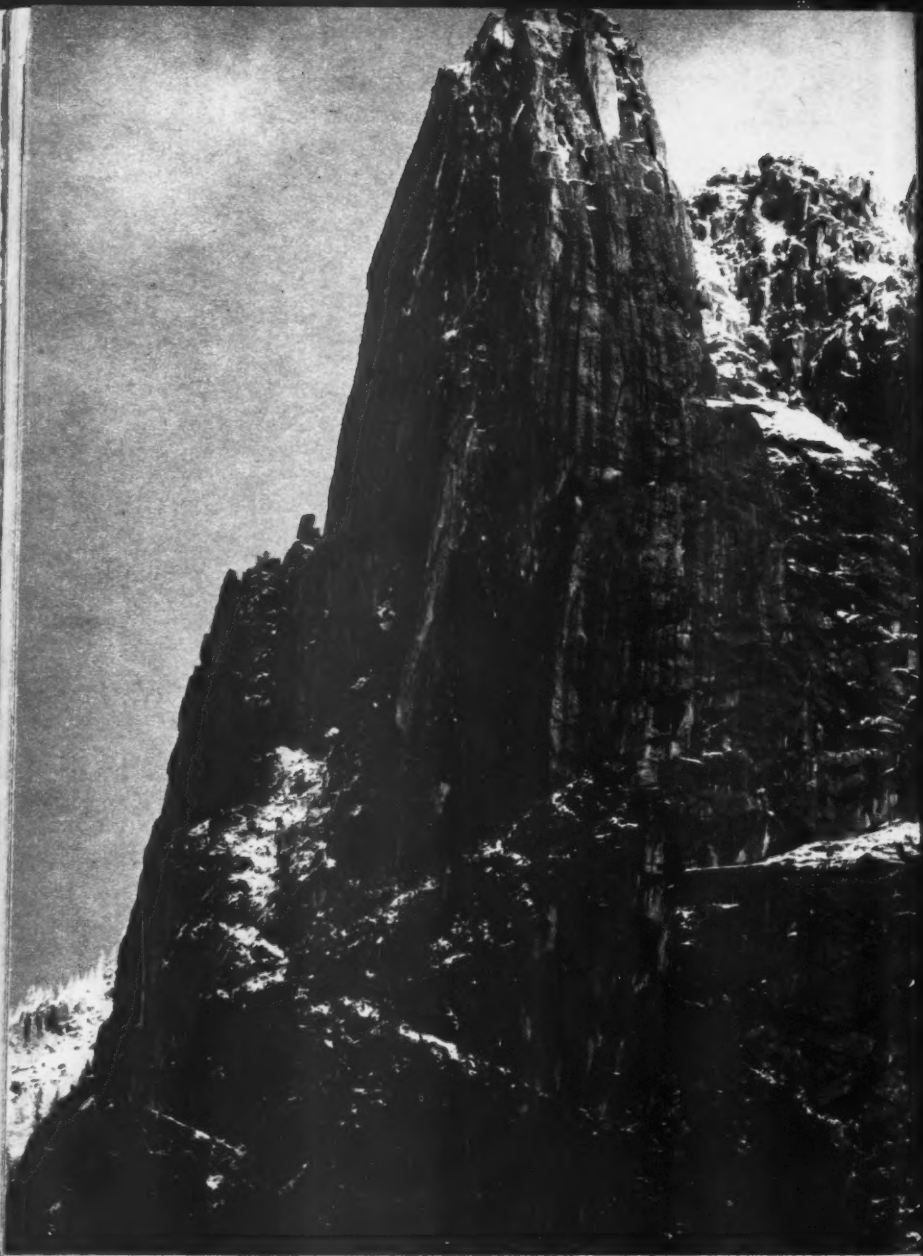


n. "A filmy veiling, wondrous fine in texture, hid the massive front of El Capitan."



"WIND. How far it has come, and how far it has to go! How many faces it has fanned, singing, skimming the levels of the ages . . . searching the intricacies of the woods . . . chanting among pines, playing on every needle, on every mountain spire, on all the landscape as on a harp."





"Awful in stern, immovable majesty, how softly these rocks are adorned . . . the snows and waterfalls, the winds and avalanches and clouds shine and sing and wreath about them."



by

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Unless you know the right thing to do
in a crisis, it's better to do nothing

DR. _____

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____ DATE _____

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Don't Play
Doctor!

by MADELYN WOOD

MR. JONES looked tired and worried when he came home from the office that evening.

"Is anything the matter, dear?" his wife asked.

"Not feeling . . . very well," he muttered. "Don't know what's the matter. Something I ate . . . maybe . . ."

Then Mrs. Jones watched her husband's face turn ghastly white. His breathing started to come in gasps. He grasped his left side. His weight sagged against her as she helped him to a couch. Then she frantically dialed the telephone.

The doctor was out, but they would reach him . . . Yes, it might be a heart attack . . . He would come as quickly as possible. Numbly she dropped the receiver. Then panic struck as she realized she didn't know what to do.

Her husband, now muttering incoherently, could be of no help. Alone, Mrs. Jones had to face those agonizing minutes until the doctor

came. She knew she should be doing something—but *what?*

Suppose all this had happened in *your* home? Would you know what to do? . . .

Now consider the predicament of Mrs. White. Her son Johnny had seemed feverish; now he was drowsily complaining that his head hurt. She gasped when she took his temperature and found it was 103. Still the doctor hadn't come.

In sudden fright, Mrs. White realized she didn't know what to do. Was there any step she could take to stop that raging fever? There was, but Mrs. White didn't know it. Would *you* have known what to do? . . .

Here's another typical case. The front steps were coated with ice. Mrs. Smith stepped down cautiously but her feet flew from under her;

she lay in a crumpled heap on the sidewalk.

Her scream brought her husband running. George Smith carried his unconscious wife into the house. He tried shaking her. No response. Still fighting for calmness, he called the doctor. Then he got out a bottle of brandy. The liquor should revive her. But it didn't. In fact, the treatment was dangerous . . .

Things like these may never happen in your home. Or one of them may happen in the next five minutes. Suppose your child cuts himself deeply and blood spurts from a jagged wound. Suppose you feel sudden, agonizing abdominal pains. Suppose someone in the family turns deathly pale and starts to shiver. Have you any idea of what to do? Are you sure?

Doctors say that not one person in ten is prepared to cope with the emergencies of illness and accident. There is only one way to be prepared and that is to *know in advance what to do*. And the first thing to learn is this: *If you don't know what to do, don't do anything*. It's better to wring your hands and stand helplessly by than to do the wrong thing and kill somebody.

On the other hand, by knowing what to do, or what *not* to do, your prompt action may mean the difference between a hard battle for regained health and a comparatively easy recovery. At the very least, it may save needless suffering for the victim.

However, the doctor does not want you to pose as a physician, making a complete diagnosis of the case. He merely wants you to take certain steps based on obvious symptoms—until he can get to the

patient's bedside himself. Here are typical cases in which your prompt help may shorten a period of illness, cut needless pain or save a life.

Abdominal Pain. There is a sudden, terrible pain in the right side. It gets sharper and stronger. Maybe it's a harmless indigestion—maybe it's a serious intestinal disturbance. But call the doctor, because it can very likely be appendicitis. While you're waiting for the doctor, don't give the patient a cathartic or an enema. That's a good way to rupture an inflamed appendix.

Get the patient to bed. Keep him quiet. Don't give him anything to eat or drink. It may be difficult to wait, but in this case it's the only safe course.

Heart Attack. Your husband is shoveling snow at the doorway. Suddenly he feels a pain in his left side. It is like indigestion, but in the wrong place. It may be a heart attack. Call the doctor, but don't rush the victim to bed and force him to lie down. Don't give him a stimulant. In fact, don't give him anything; it may only complicate the doctor's diagnosis.

Get the victim to sit down, or if he wants to lie down be sure to prop him upright. Keep him warm and quiet. That's all.

Fever. Suppose that your child has a soaring temperature. You call the doctor, and then wait. Fever is a symptom, not a cause, as you know; but high fever in itself can be harmful. That is why the fever should be kept from rising too high.

Bathe the patient with cool, not ice-cold water. Better yet, use a solution of 60 per cent water, 40 per cent alcohol. This won't do away with the fever, of course, but it will

help to keep it from rising further. And it will make the patient more comfortable while you are awaiting the doctor.

Chills. After a hard day at the office, you come home tired and feeling weak. Then, after dinner, you start to shiver and shake; your teeth chatter. If the chills continue, call the doctor. Chills are a symptom that may mean anything from flu to pneumonia.

What you should do is get into bed and keep warm. If you start feeling feverish, don't be alarmed; that's a natural sequel to chills.

Convulsions. Your child seems unusually restless, then suddenly his body becomes rigid, his face and limbs begin to jerk, his eyes roll, and he throws his head back violently. Frightening as these symptoms may be, convulsions are not uncommon in children, nor are they fatal. They may be caused by a variety of things, the most likely being an intestinal upset. Sometimes they mark the early stages of common infectious diseases such as scarlet fever, measles or pneumonia.

After calling the doctor, be sure there is nothing tight around the child's neck. Put something soft—a handkerchief will do—in his mouth to keep him from biting his tongue. Wrap him in blankets. Keep his head cool with cloths wrung out in cold water.

Convulsions may continue as long as three hours, but usually the child will drop into a deep sleep within a few minutes.

Coma. Without warning, someone in your home loses consciousness. It can be due to a variety of causes,

but your job is not to worry about what is responsible, unless you know that it is suffocation or poisoning. Don't try to rouse an unconscious person by shaking him. And don't try to force a liquid down his throat, either; that can cause choking.

Put the patient on a bed. Place his head low; keep him warm; loosen his clothing. Now take a good look at him. Is his face flushed? Pulse strong? Then raise his head instead of lowering it.

Shock. A member of your family has suffered a severe injury. You have administered first aid, when suddenly the victim turns pale, his breathing comes in gasps, his pulse grows weaker, he seems listless, or may even lose consciousness. This is shock. It can occur immediately after an injury or several hours later.

Shock is something you should learn to recognize because, as doctors point out, it can do more damage than the injury or nervous disturbance that sets it off.

While waiting for the doctor to get there, keep the victim quiet. Lay him flat on his back, his head a little lower than his feet. If he has sustained a head injury, raise his head somewhat. Keep the victim warm with blankets, and supply external heat with covered hot-water bottles or heating pads. The victim may be given hot coffee or tea, unless he has an abdominal wound or is unconscious.

FRIGHTENING AND SUDDEN accidents make home a much more dangerous place than it should be. Fortunately, most of them are mi-



nor, but you should know what to do when you are faced with more serious situations and are waiting for the doctor. Here, therefore, are important suggestions on how to deal with certain emergencies which arise all too frequently in the American home.

Burns. Don't touch the burn; cover it with sterile gauze. Get the patient to lie down, preferably on his back. Never apply greasy ointment or oil to a burn; in third-degree burns, such treatment will lead to infection. Let the patient drink plenty of water, since burns cause rapid dehydration. Extensive burns will very likely produce shock, so act accordingly.

Choking. If someone chokes over an object in his throat, try to remove it by using one or two fingers. Work slowly—don't push. If that doesn't remove the object, get the victim to bed, having him lie crosswise on his abdomen, head and shoulders hanging over the side. Slap him sharply between the shoulder blades.

Serious Bleeding. You can identify a serious artery wound by the fact that blood spurts with every heartbeat. The general rule is to apply pressure close to the wound, between it and the heart. It is important, however, that you learn the right places to apply pressure from a first-aid book.

If you apply a tourniquet, be sure you loosen it at least every ten minutes, because a tourniquet left in position too long can seriously damage the tissues and cause gangrene. Keep the victim lying flat and wrap him warmly.

Few families or homes will ever be visited by all the afflictions mentioned above. Yet the danger of sudden illness or accident is always with us. So why not keep this article in a handy spot, where it will be available in an emergency?

Remember—it never pays to play doctor. And should you not know the right thing to do in the face of an emergency, don't do anything. Certainly that is better than gambling with a human life.

After All, Rules Are Rules



VIOLINIST YEHUDI MENUHIN tells this story on himself. Not long ago he was late for a radio concert and, carrying his violin in its case, ran into an elevator.

"You'll have to go in the freight elevator," snapped the operator.

"I have no time," retorted Mr. M. "I'm in a hurry."

"I don't care," continued the

operator. "All musicians with instruments gotta ride in the freight elevator."

By this time our violinist was, exasperated. "Look," he stormed, "I'm Yehudi Menuhin."

"Listen, ya gotta ride in the freight elevator," the operator added with finality, "even if you're Jack Benny!"

—MILWAUKEE Journal

THEY DANCED TILL THEY DIED



How a gala ball ended in death and disaster at fashionable Last Island, La.

by PAUL DEUTSCHMAN

ONE OF THE STRANGEST stories told along Louisiana's Gulf Coast is the legend of Last Island and the aristocratic Creoles who danced there until they died.

It all started with a sea swell, a mysterious wave that appeared suddenly in the placid Gulf on the morning of July 31, 1856. The swell was two feet high and 50 feet across, and there was a low, ominous roll as it headed inland and spent itself upon the shores of Last Island, most westerly of a chain of islands that break off from the

mainland about 100 miles southwest of New Orleans. Then there were minutes of silence, followed by a second, a third and a fourth wave. Each was larger than the one before, and the sea heaved drunkenly as it galloped towards shore.

This was no ordinary island, but the proudest summering place of the Old South—a private little world dedicated to fine living. Here, to the massive, two-story hotel in the myrtle-shadowed village at the island's western tip, and to the hundreds of graceful houses decorating 25 miles of beach, wealthy planters and merchants, who bore

the most illustrious names in all Louisiana, brought their families to escape the summer heat and to live according to the unchanging code of French and Spanish ancestors.

Superstitious fisherfolk took the mysterious waves as an omen of impending disaster. But the aristocratic vacationers refused to listen.

"It is nothing," they murmured.

Satiny ladies and perfumed gentlemen, dressed in the latest Parisian fashions, whiled away the hours attending ornate musicales and lavish balls, being waited upon by French-speaking Negro slaves, going on yachting, fishing and hunting parties.

For ten days, the strange swells came, chased by winds. Finally, on the afternoon of August 9, the wind became a moaning, feverish gale. Then, suddenly, the gray clouds parted and a swollen scarlet sun poked through. There was danger in the enraged elements now—and at last the vacationers began to look about wildly for ways of escape. But the boiling waters had made their island haven a deathtrap.

The next night was Sunday, time for the regular weekly ball. As of one accord, more than 400 people put on their best finery and made their way through the storm to the hotel at the foot of Village Bayou.

A kind of frenzied exhilaration gripped them, as if they were determined to make this the gayest ball in island history. When the orchestra started, they shut their ears to the wild storm outside. Mothers and fathers looked on in quiet approval as their sons and daughters, products of Europe's finest schools, danced and flirted.

Suddenly, at the height of the

evening, the sound of the wind changed, like the warning roar of some penned-in beast. There was a pause in the revelry—and a shriek was heard from a girl who found her slippers wet. Then the building shook, and streams of water began to curl about the dancers' feet.

Now the elements were free! Thunder drummed a crazy symphony, lightning painted a pallor in the sky outside, and from everywhere water burst into the building, flicking aside pieces of furniture and humans alike.

Some dancers managed to escape from the building, but it was almost as bad outside. The air was filled with sheets of rain and sand that blinded them momentarily. Many were killed outright by flying timbers; others were stunned and swept out to sea.

A few fought from tree to tree to reach a ship that had been ripped from its moorings and flung ashore. Others tried to reach the high ground in the island's center. But the waters followed at their heels, lapping higher and higher.

One man and his wife reached their house on the island's highest dune. Here they gathered their six children, five Negro slaves and three slave children in an attic room. But the wind shifted and waters rolled onto the house, buckling the walls. The family knew the end was near, and started praying. An old colored mammy held the youngest child in her arms and moaned a last hymn.

One by one, they saw the roofs of near-by houses topple as the waters closed in. Slowly, inexorably, they felt the floor rise from under and start floating towards the sea, with

all of them on it. One by one, they were swept off into the raging waters, screaming vainly for help.

The storm lasted four hours. Then the waters fell rapidly, and peace, the peace of death, came to Last Island. For days, nothing was heard on the mainland about the colony's fate.

Finally the survivors came—people hardly recognizable as their former elegant selves. A once-fashionable New Orleans beauty had torn her fingers to bloody stumps by clawing at the wrecked ship. A wealthy merchant who had spent days wandering in near-by marshes dropped dead at the feet of his rescuers. A planter was found with his black hair and beard turned gray, and his arms clasped about the body of his infant son.

These were the survivors of the hurricane. And when rescuers arrived at the island, they found others—a few shattered people clinging to bits of wreckage. And everywhere there were bodies, still attired in remnants of fashionable dress but with fingers cut off where outlaws who lived in near-by swamps had stolen their rings.

For days, seamen fished bodies from the water, until the death roll of men, women and children contained more than 200 names.

No attempt was ever made to rebuild Last Island, and today it is an all-but-lifeless place where only jagged foundations of once-proud houses recall a way of life that was swept away forever when the sea closed over the heads of dancers on a terrible night in 1856.

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FUN INCORPORATED

Parker Brothers, Inc., are world
GHQ for the parlor games you play

by MARTIN SHERIDAN

THE BULGING PACKAGE rattled like a bag of beans as the expressman delivered it to Parker Brothers, Inc., of Salem, Massachusetts, considered the leading game publishers in the world. An office boy carried it to LeRoy Howard, development manager who is one of the first to see the thousands of games submitted by would-be game inventors. Recognizing the sender of the bundle as a Chinese scientist living in the West, he pushed the package aside unopened and buzzed for his secretary. "Send the usual form letter," he told her.

Before the last war, Parker Brothers stopped opening packages from

unknowns unless the senders signed an all-inclusive release. This policy, now abandoned, was induced by an annoying procession of lawsuits threatened or started by self-styled game creators seeking balm for alleged lifting of ideas.

When the Chinese returned the signed blank a few days later, LeRoy Howard unwrapped the parcel and found an assortment of cards, poker chips, markers, dials and a large playing board. Then he called in Foster H. Parker, nephew of the company's founder. They unraveled the 22 pages of instructions and started to play.

At 5 P.M. they were still at it,

hopelessly confused by the 465 pieces and the involved rules. Next day the material was on its way back to the learned Oriental with a personal note of regret.

Most suggestions for new indoor recreation are rejected by Parker Brothers for the same reasons: the rules are too complicated and the games drag on like long-winded speakers. Many other ideas are too similar to ones already in use. Some individuals actually submit a box of checkers with one or two additional pieces and call it an innovation. And they become highly indignant when told that an extra checker does not make a new game.

Prominent athletes continually submit ideas for baseball and football games, which are speedily rejected since there is only limited interest in seasonal games based on sport. Canadians persist in sending scores of games based on ice hockey, and during Presidential-election years, hundreds of games using the political theme are mailed in. Without knowing it, the authors usually manage to duplicate published games of similar nature.

While most inventors are serious individuals, a few eccentrics insist on sending collect telegrams to Parker Brothers, such as the following message from an overly optimistic resident of New Mexico: "Would like very much for you to buy double 8 banks Monte Carlo outright one million dollars cash wire care Western Union."

"We never learned anything about that game because we were not prepared to pay a million dollars even had we liked it," Robert B. M. Barton, president of the firm, explains with a wry smile.

Game rages are born. But behind each new crop is the greatest game of all—guessing which games will reach the best-selling list. Naturally a salable game must be simple. But to win public acceptance, it must also be interesting, for without player appeal it cannot become a best-seller.

The average game that Da'd brings home is suitable for two, three, four or more persons. These extra players, if they have an entertaining evening, are the best reorder customers. Advertising, publicity and promotion will not sell a game as well as word-of-mouth recommendation will.

It is surprising how many prominent persons like to create games, and how closely most of them stick to their specialties. Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim silencer for guns, once sent to Parker Brothers a game that he had evolved. It was a clever affair based on war, but it was so complex that the company had to turn it down. Roger W. Babson, noted business statistician, submitted a game on business. It was interesting, but the average game fan wants diversion rather than data.

Plenty of famous men, however, have submitted games that were playable. Hendrik Willem van Loon's "Wide World Game," Boake Carter's "Star Reporter," Melvin Purvis' "G-Men," S.S. Van Dine's "Detective Game," Eddie Cantor's "Tell It to the Judge" and Lowell Thomas' "World Cruise" have proved their public appeal over the years.

The experts at Parker's assert that most games belong to six basic types: pathway or track, checkers

or chess, cards, target, mechanical, and human interest. New offerings are usually variations or combinations of them.

Of the thousands of games submitted annually, only a small percentage go beyond even the first testing stage. These are studied and played by the unique New Games Committee of six executives that meets to consider fresh ideas. Sometimes these sophisticated experts will squat on the floor behind locked doors to battle over an unsophisticated "Teddybear Panda" layout or a "Bunny Rabbit" board suitable for youngsters. Or they will roll dice excitedly for "Circle Gammon" and "Pig Dice."

Then the committee members hold a serious round-table discussion. First, they determine whether the game is fair and the rules easily understood. They check the playing time and the number of players able to participate. Games that can be finished within an hour and enable two to six people to play are preferred.

If the idea hurdles these obstacles—and few do—the experts replay the game, jotting down its commendable features. Back and forth they bicker and quibble over the game's merits, sometimes continuing their conference at Barton's home after business hours.

The average acceptance of games runs from four to six a year, with the majority of the acceptable new ideas originating within the firm. Most rare is the idea presented in such finished state that the experts do not play it but immediately mail a contract.

"Flying the Beam," created by an Army Air Force officer, was in

this category. And with the exception of the colors, "Conflict," a war game invented by a New Yorker, was published without changing a line. On the other hand, "Landlord" and "Bargain Day," submitted by Mrs. Elizabeth Magie Phillips, originator of the basic game from which the highly successful "Monopoly" was patterned, were drawn on wrapping paper.

PUBLISHED GAMES RETAIL from 10 cents to \$50, and an author's royalty may be anything from two to ten per cent of the wholesale selling price. Successful games may catch the public fancy in two months to two years. "Monopoly," one of the greatest games in history, took two years to get going, and then only after it had been turned down once by Parker Brothers before being accepted.

Still the world's best-selling game, "Monopoly" is the outgrowth of a pastime called "Business," which was introduced more than 20 years ago by Mrs. Phillips to propagandize Henry George's single-tax theory. Twice she revised her creation before finally patenting it in 1924. Under the new title of "The Landlord's Game," it had only a modicum of success until, by chance, Charles B. Darrow of Philadelphia heard the game described at a lecture.

Darrow, then an unemployed heating engineer, made further improvements and sold patented experimental games named "Monopoly" in 1933. Meanwhile Mrs. Phillips had disposed of her patent to Parker Brothers. Unable to cope with the brisk demand for "Monopoly" in Philadelphia, Darrow of-

ferred his patent to the Salem firm for national exploitation.

"'Monopoly' was difficult to understand at first," explains a Parker official. "It took an entire working day to play a complete game. Although 'Monopoly' broke about every rule, our staff labored day and night for weeks to whip the then-complicated game into shape and make it more playable."

"Monopoly" finally caught on to break all sales records. "Perhaps the chief reason for the amazing success of the game," President Barton suggests, "is the natural desire for persons to play with money and imagine that they are bigshots."

Now that the game has been translated into Italian, Spanish and French, it is popular with businessmen in South America, who believe that they can learn Yankee business methods by playing this Yankee game.

It is odd that "Monopoly" should have been turned down years ago by Parker Brothers, since the firm was actually founded upon a not-too-dissimilar game invented in 1883 by George S. Parker, a 17-year-old schoolboy of Medford, Massachusetts. Young Parker called his idea "The Game of Banking" and put it on the market when the science of banking was gripping popular interest. The players sold, exchanged, borrowed and lent lettered cards, paid and received "interest" on them, went "bankrupt" and sometimes hit the jack pot to become "wealthy."

Parker printed 500 copies at a cost of about \$60 after several publishers had refused to accept his creation. Within three weeks the

young inventor had sold his entire press run and pocketed a substantial profit. He then became a full-fledged manufacturer in an ancient building in Salem, still standing and now used to store stacks of completed games.

George Parker, who today at 82 is still chairman of the board, comprised the entire organization for several years until his brothers, Charles and Edward—long since deceased—joined him to form Parker Brothers, Inc. About 50 years ago when an Englishman developed

a small celluloid ball for table tennis, the Yankee game wizard acquired the rights to the game, produced a plywood bat to go with it, and "Ping-pong"

was launched in America. Like "Monopoly," it still enjoys worldwide popularity.

Picture puzzles also swept to universal acceptance at the turn of the century and occupied a place near the top of indoor amusements for more than a decade. From 1909 to 1911, there was little opportunity for the Parker plant to produce anything except the jigsaw tests of patience. The craze popped back into the limelight a few years ago, then nose-dived to semiobscurity.

"Mah-Jongg" came in 1923 and swiftly went around the globe. Although developed in Shanghai by a man named Babcock, it is not a Chinese creation, as generally believed, but an Occidental adaptation of several Oriental games. Too many books and magazine articles about the game temporarily "expedited it to death" by conveying the impression that it was too difficult for the average player. Names



similar to "Mah-Jongg" ("Ma Jongg," "Mah Jong," etc.) cannot be used legally by competitors. Only by vigilant policing of trademarks, patents and copyrights has Parker Brothers been able to stop infringements on their title.

A few years ago, when Parker Brothers was about to introduce a new crossword lexicon game, Barton placed a small, front-page ad in all Boston newspapers.

"WANTED: Dogs to hold lexicon cards in their teeth. \$5 guaranteed to those chosen. Apply at 15 School Street at 10 A.M. tomorrow."

At 10 A.M., narrow School Street was jammed with barking, howling dogs of all colors, breeds and sizes. Barton and Howard lost buttons from their suits as they struggled through the crowd to reach the store they had rented.

Later, a dozen intelligent canines paraded Boston's downtown streets, gripping cards in their jaws. The net results were inestimable. People stopped to stare and ask questions. Newspapers devoted considerable space to the stunt and,

most important of all to Parker Brothers, "Crossword Lexicon" was successfully launched.

During World War II, Parker's was faced with the same shortages troubling every other manufacturer. Wood, plywood and metal were scarce enough, but cardboard was the most difficult of all to obtain, since gunpowder was being packed in it. Packaging underwent severe changes. Ping-pong bats were finished with sandpaper facing, rubber being unobtainable. Elastic-band rifles went off the market, as did deck-ringtoss sets.

No one can guess tomorrow's popular games—not even the experts. "Ping-pong" starred in 1902. "Pit" and "Rook" were the rage in 1904. Jigsaw puzzles swept the country in 1910. All have had healthy revivals. But with them have come the newer games—"Rich Uncle," "Let's Furnish a House," "Wit's End," "Popeye's Game" and "Mother Goose"—which in turn may have later revivals. The players are the judges and every year is their season.

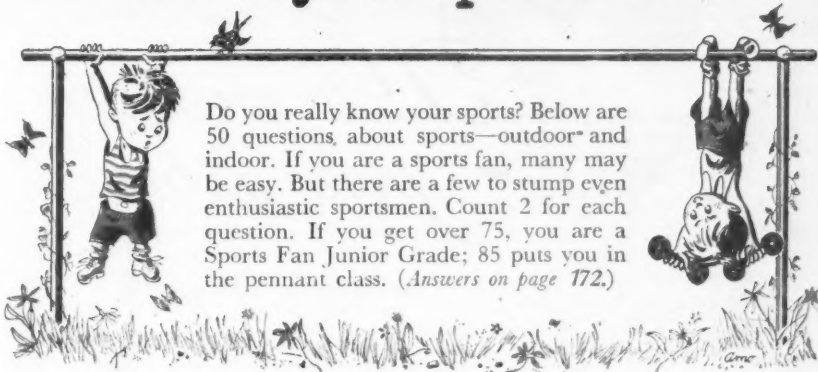
GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS CALENDAR

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How is your Sportsense?



Do you really know your sports? Below are 50 questions, about sports—outdoor* and indoor. If you are a sports fan, many may be easy. But there are a few to stump even enthusiastic sportsmen. Count 2 for each question. If you get over 75, you are a Sports Fan Junior Grade; 85 puts you in the pennant class. (Answers on page 172.)



THE WHISTLE BLOWS: To get under way, name which game is begun in each of the following ways:

1. Gong rings 2. Kickoff 3. Breaking the balls 4. On your mark 5. Batter up
6. Volley for serve 7. Toss at center 8. Face off 9. Low cut deals 10. Tee off



YOUR WEAPON, SIR: Unless you're playing a guessing game, you're going to need implements. Each of the following is used in what game or sport?

1. Epee 2. Colored silks 3. Puck 4. Brassie 5. Mouthpiece
6. Bat (not baseball) 7. Bird 8. Resin bag 9. Broom 10. Fly



TO THE SHOWERS: Sports are regulated by strict rules to prevent rough or unfair tactics. Each of the following is taboo in some sport. Which one?

1. Leg before 2. Shiny metal buttons on coat 3. Traveling with ball
4. Reneging 5. Moistening ball 6. Touching net 7. Hooking 8. Moving into check
9. Feet past scrimmage line 10. Touching ball with hand or arm



THE CHEERING SECTION: In many sports it's customary to shout various yells or announce victories with exuberant cries. Name the sport or game in which each of the following exclamations is used:

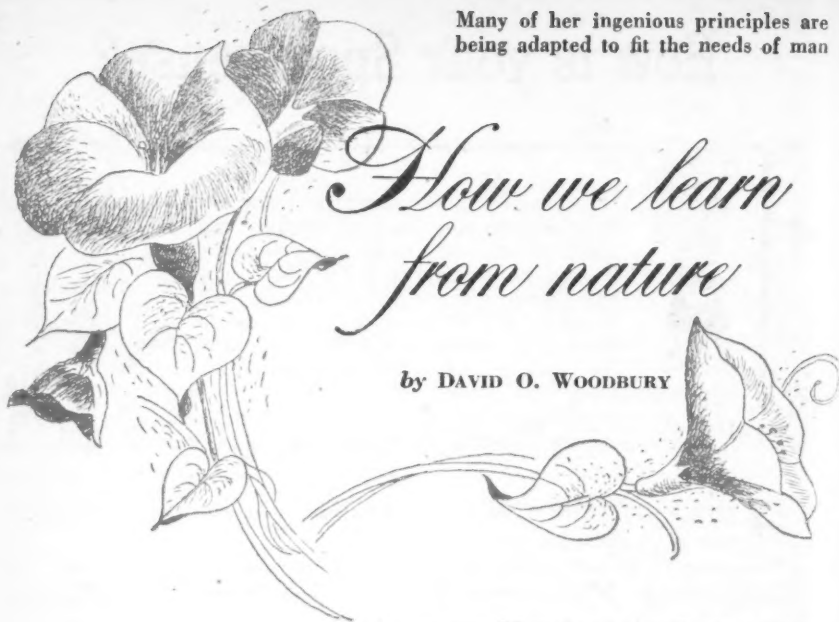
1. Fore! 2. Sweep! 3. Slide! 4. Break! 5. Double!
6. Tallyho! 7. Checkmate! 8. Service! 9. Fifteen two! 10. Ten to go!



THE CLOCK MOVES ON: And because players and watchers both get tired, they divide sports matches into special intervals. Which game is measured off by each of the following devices?

1. Two-minute rounds 2. 121 holes 3. Ends 4. Frames 5. Sets
6. Periods 7. 9 holes 8. Quarters 9. Laps 10. Rubbers

Many of her ingenious principles are being adapted to fit the needs of man



How we learn from nature

by DAVID O. WOODBURY

EARLY IN WORLD WAR II, one of the Navy's camouflage experts objected to the old crazy-patch method of disguising ships with blobs and zigzags, to confuse the enemy. He wanted to paint them gray, to blend with sea and sky, but Navy brass balked.

One day, when a cruiser division was on maneuvers, the commanding admiral complained that one ship was missing. "No, sir," said the camouflage man, pointing. "She's right over there, but you can't see her because we painted her gray."

That clinched it. The principle of color blending was adopted without further dispute.

The camouflage expert hadn't invented anything: nature had been using the principle for millions of

years. Very few animals are camouflaged with stripes and dots. Most of them blend into their background and disappear, saved from their enemies by protective coloration.

Man is still young in world history, and nature can teach him a great deal. Up to now he has assumed that he must improve on nature if he wants to progress; but lately a new spirit of humility has given engineers and designers a desire to learn everything nature has to teach. So they are busy examining the earth's flora and fauna for useful tips.

Fred N. Severud, New York engineering designer, believes that building construction of tomorrow can reach new heights of beauty, strength and economy if we will only profit by nature's examples. In plants and animals, he points out, paper-thin tubes, rods, sheets

are
man

and membranes hold up under enormous loads.

Take the lowly blade of grass, for instance. Thousands of centuries ahead of us in using the principle of corrugation, it withstands wind and rain simply by having a V-shaped cross section.

Nature found the principle so practical that she uses it in countless ways. One of the loveliest and most efficient plants is the morning glory, with five corrugated blades radiating upward from the stem, held together by tissue-thin curved sheets. Yet this is not for beauty alone. The morning glory's great moment comes when a bee makes a sudden crash landing in its open mouth. The little flower, being "built" to handle impact stresses through its corrugations, takes the blow easily, and delivers honey and pollen according to plan.

Architect Frank Lloyd Wright designed a factory whose roof is supported on concrete pillars deliberately copied from the morning glory. These thin-stemmed supports flare into broad discs at the top, giving the factory a Martian look. But it is one of the simplest and strongest structures in the world.

Wright and others have also adopted an effective trick of nature in her use of the continuous surface. Living structures never display sharp angles; everything is joined by curves. Nature knows her engineering, since an angular break in a surface puts gigantic stress at the point of the angle. Yet man has used the angular break because we needed flat, horizontal floors supported by vertical beams.

Today's designers, however, are switching over to smooth curves.

A gas station in South Carolina designed by architect James Workman looks like a mushroom. Its hollow, cylindrical room is the stem, while the roof extends several feet in a circular shelter, sweeping up in an unbroken curve from the rounded walls. Corrugated rings help stiffen the flat top.

Fred Severud has designed an enormous plane hangar that follows the morning-glory pattern, with the outer edge drooping until it touches the ground. The circular space between stem and rim is an arched vault without columns, giving great roominess and strength. Continuous surface is the secret. In this, too, he uses an idea borrowed from nature's lily pad—a "tension ring" of stiff material around the outside.

WE ADMIRE the thin shell of the egg for its miraculous strength, yet the secret of the egg's curves was not much used until the Navy adapted it to the Quonset hut. About the same time, Buckminster Fuller developed his "Dymaxion" houses, supported above ground by sheet-metal skins.

But nature has several structures better than the egg. The turtle shell is half an egg, with stiffness assured by a "tension plate" underneath. Still better is the walnut shell, expressly designed to be hard to crack. Humans have found no cleverer way to get strength without weight. To the naturally rigid dome-shape of the egg, the nut tree adds a compression ring around the middle, then heavily corrugates the surface so it can't be dented. Inside, two tension plates at right angles give still more rigidity.

"The walnut," says Severud, "is

something to think about." In soft ground, he points out, you could build wonderfully strong house foundations simply by sinking a concrete half-walnut shell, open side up. No angles, no beams; merely an oval-shaped skin in the ground. Its tension-plate stiffener would be the ground floor of the building; from there on up, you could erect a square or curved structure to suit individual taste.

Another steal from nature is the design for the Baltimore arena, a pancake-shaped building of tremendous area whose roof has no supports at all—except air. Proposed by engineer Herbert H. Stevens, the building's design imitates the membranous sacs of the jellyfish. It needs no stiffness because it is supported everywhere by pressure from inside.

Stevens merely seals the building and pumps in a slight excess of air. The magnesium plates of the roof float as safely as a jellyfish in the sea. And the pressure is so slight that the audience would never even notice it.

Sometimes nature hides her principles so well that it takes genius to detect and apply them. An example is the simple little maple seed, with its hard seed pod and beautifully streamlined propeller blade—a perfect instance of aerodynamic design. Children have been fascinated with maple seeds for generations, but nobody took them seriously until the last war.

Some device was needed urgently to drop supplies from planes to sol-

diers marooned in enemy territory. The small parachutes commonly used were not satisfactory. They drifted for miles, and were easily seen and shot down.

A bright aircraft designer thought of the little propeller whirling down from maple trees in the fall, and wondered whether he could reproduce the action in metal and plastics. He came up with an invention called the "Sky Hook"—a sort of pillbox container about two feet across with a single detachable blade. Several models were made and tested. They could deliver loads of food, gasoline and ammunition up to 30 pounds, and they offered a poor target for the enemy.

About 20,000 years ago, glaciers melted throughout the world's northern zones and deposited gigantic boulders in odd places. One, weighing thousands of tons, sits so precariously atop a New Hampshire mountain that a small charge of dynamite would roll it downward thousands of feet. No human force could have done the job so delicately as did that melting sea of ice.

A contractor once saved a lot of money by copying the glaciers' technique. After he had erected a large water tank for a railroad company, an earthquake so weakened the tank's supports that it was necessary to pull down the structure and start over again. He was puzzled as to how to lower the tank without rigging huge derricks and without risk to his men. Then he thought of ice.

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 14-31

Hastily buying a couple of car-loads of the stuff, he piled the chilly blocks around the tank foundations till the tank itself was supported. Then he cut away the twisted legs and went home to wait. After a few days of sunshine, his tank was gently delivered to earth.

Occasionally men spend their lives trying to emulate nature, only to find her secrets too well guarded. Surprisingly, this was the case with the airplane. From Icarus onward, people thought the only way to fly was to invent flapping wings like the bird's. Countless experimenters came to grief before Lilienthal and Langley had the courage to break away from nature and try the unnatural rigid-wing principle.

Perhaps if the aviation pioneers had gone to Midway Island in the Pacific, they would have found the solution to their problems much sooner. On that island lives a strange family of birds called goonies. As big as turkeys and not very intelligent, they have the clumsy habit of getting off the ground exactly as the airplane does—with stiff, extended wings.

All over the island thousands of goonies pick out clear runways on

the beach, then run along the sand for all they are worth. Once they get up flying speed they take off in a low climb, then begin to flap their wings like ordinary birds. In landing, they glide down to contact, then run madly to lose speed, sometimes ground-looping in the effort.

One more example of our failure to emulate nature concerns the mysterious green chlorophyll in leaves. Though a green leaf is the most universal object in nature, we still have no idea how nature makes it. She takes carbon dioxide and water, mixes them with sunlight, and creates a living, multiplying structure called cellulose, thus capturing and storing radiant energy. If man could do that, we might change our world tremendously, eliminating famine and solving the problem of coal and oil.

But there is a brighter side to our failures. For one thing, we have discovered radioactive isotopes. Out of the atomic bomb has come a vast new power to create forms of elements never before seen. With these "tagged atoms" we may discover the secret of life itself, and if not the fountain of youth, at least the road to freedom from disease.



Before and After

HE WALKED. There was a spring in his step and a happy smile on his lips.

He walked gaily, his hand resting in his pocket on the little lavender note which read:

"Dearest: Yes—I love you and will marry you."

He walked. His shoulders drooped, and his mouth drooped.

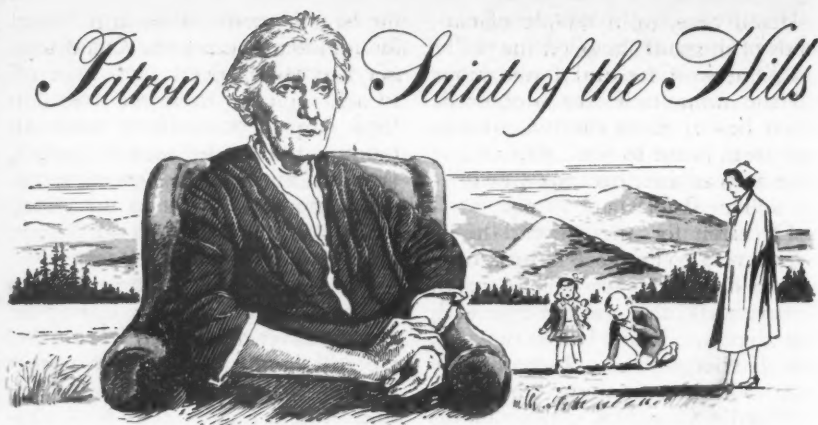
Glumly he walked, his hand resting in his pocket on a little brown note which said:

"1 lb. of potatoes.

3 brown eggs.

½ lb. bacon—slice it thin."

—LONDON *Opinion*



All her life, Linda Neville has worked wonders for the blind in Kentucky's hills

by ANN FIELDS

THE POSTMAN KNOCKED on the door of the rambling old house at 722 West Main Street and said to the kindly gray-haired woman who answered: "I think this is for you, Miss Neville."

The envelope was addressed: "To the lady who looks after Blind Children, Lexington, Kentucky."

She smiled at the postman: "Yes, this is for me." Then she opened the letter and read: "Dere lady me and Lu Arky is blind. Kin you all let us kum to the school for blind." It was signed Mr. Willard Brown.

After making inquiries, Miss Linda Neville sat down and wrote a letter, saying she would be delighted to have the Browns come to the school. A week later she received a note from the mountain postmaster stating that Mr. Brown and Lu Arky would arrive Tuesday. When she met the train she was surprised to find a small scrawny girl and a lanky boy of about 13.

"Are you Mr. Brown?" she asked. The boy drew himself up. "I'se Mr. Brown," he said with pride. "I makes all plans for Lu Arky and me."

For more than 40 years, Linda Neville of Lexington, Kentucky, has been taking people like Mr. Brown and Lu Arky into her home. For many years she went into the hills to seek out the mountain people with "troublin' eyes." There is no form of transportation she hasn't used—a mule up stony creek beds, jolting wagons over flooded creeks, even the modern jeep.

Once she rode 30 miles in a wagon with four blind and semi-blind people from the hills to get them down to Lexington. "Once in the pouring rain," she recalls, "the wagon stuck and I had to guide my charges through the woods to the nearest home. I was young then and thought it was quite an experience—now it seems a mild thing to tell."

Nothing in the life of Linda

Neville has been mild. Her whole life has been spent in servitude to others. There is hardly a reform law, educational advancement or charity cause in Kentucky that she has not supported in her 75 years. When she was awarded the Leslie Dana medal in 1944 by the St. Louis Society for the Blind, the citation read: "At least a thousand persons have been saved from the doom of darkness by her intercession."

For countless years to come thousands more who will never hear the name of Linda Neville will be saved from blindness due to the laws she championed in Kentucky, and due to the part she played in having five mountain hospitals erected by the U. S. Public Health Service.

Her work began by chance when the cultured young Bryn Mawr graduate attended a fashionable luncheon in Lexington. A pioneer settlement worker, also a guest, told Linda Neville about a girl of 18 who had gone blind; told of the stubborn struggle with which the girl had fought the disease.

The victim had tried herbs, bandages and "spittin' under rocks," but had slowly gone blind. When settlement workers tried to teach her spinning and weaving, she had replied in a mood of dumb rebellion: "I don't want no larnin', if I can't see."

The worker concluded her story by saying: "The pity of it is that the girl's eyesight could probably have been saved at little cost, but no one knew where to take her—and there isn't even that much money at times."

Linda Neville got up and went

home. She lived in a beautiful old house that had been in the family for decades. Her father taught Greek and Latin, and the two girls, Linda and Mary, had had the best advantages—travel, fine schools and prestige. She said to her sister: "I'm going up into the mountains to see what can be done."

This was when the wilderness was almost uncharted. Sitting on the front seat of a rented wagon, she passed tiny cabins with 10 to 15 children playing barefoot in the yard, on through Sore Heel Holler, past Poor Fork and Greasy, up through Cut-Shin and over Cow Creek. What she saw made her sick. Here were the poverty and hopelessness of the totally blind. These squalid and remote cabins were full of trachoma, a contagious disease but not a fatal one if caught in time.

DEPRESSING THOUGHTS were in Linda Neville's mind one night in 1908 as she sat on the porch of the settlement house at Hindman, Kentucky, 45 miles from the nearest railroad. As she sat pondering, a young man came feeling his way to the door. He was about 25, healthy and strong, but totally blind. He said he had heard about "the folks as go on the railroad to be healed," so he had sold his banjo and wanted to leave.

From that night onward, Linda Neville has fought the fight of the blind in the hills. She has spent a considerable fortune of her own; has saved literally thousands of eyes; has expended her energy even beyond the physical hardships she has undergone to lobby for bills of every nature that would improve

the lot of the helpless. She is no doctor or trained social worker, yet she speaks with doctors in their own terms. And there is little that has been written on the subject of eyes and blindness that she has not absorbed.

Her campaign of education can hardly be equaled in fervor. She has lobbied, written bills, made speeches, called congressmen, badgered the U.S. Public Health Service and carried on a continuous correspondence with the Red Cross. In her mind something had to be done. She has done it.

In the beginning it was a heart-breaking task. Linda Neville was one woman, fighting thousands of cases of blindness in an almost primitive wilderness.

"I never dreamed that night on the porch that I was going into something which would last my lifetime," she says. "I had thought to work a few weeks and perhaps secure assistance from the Public Health Service, but the job was too big ever to let go. And besides," she smiles, "I have never finished it."

She began her work by returning to the large 25-room house that was her home and dividing it to accommodate children until she could somehow secure hospital beds for them. Then she began a money-raising campaign. She didn't like asking people for money, but when one friend gave her \$25, she took it to the bank and started her Mountain Fund.

Having scored once, she renewed her efforts, and even though the Fund has never had more than a few thousand dollars in any one year, Linda Neville has worked miracles with it. She induced sev-

eral hospitals and clinics to set aside a certain number of beds for her patients. Tirelessly she made her forays into the hills to find her patients, and just as tirelessly went from hospital to hospital to place them where they could get the care they needed.

Finally she persuaded some Bluegrass doctors to go with her into the mountains to hold clinics. On the strength of what they reported, the Kentucky Medical Association in 1912 asked the Public Health Service to make a survey. It found 33,000 cases of trachoma in 35 sparsely settled counties. Miss Neville then began her campaign to have hospitals built in these areas, and ultimately five were established in eastern and western Kentucky.

The early clinics held in the mountains were almost a one-woman business. Linda Neville did not have nurses to help, nor did she have medical equipment. That meant she must go days in advance to have everything arranged, as well as find the people who needed treatment and inform them of the arrival of the "brought-on doctors and nurses."

Far up in the gaps and hollers, Miss Neville was considered "plum common"—the flattering opposite of "plum stuck-up." As she rode her mule over solitary trails seeking people with the "sufferin' eyes," she never left until she had a promise that "apt as not" they'd be there. And apt as not they were. For the love and confidence they placed in Linda Neville was close to worship. Even though their blindness might be caused by the "judgment of the Lord," just so Miss

Neville might be a messenger from God to bring them sight.

The clinics were usually held in the courthouse. On the day of the doctor's arrival, Miss Neville would be there hours in advance, sterilizing instruments and encouraging those who waited outside, explaining to them that if a person had "troublin' eyes," they must be careful since trachoma was a "catching disease." The linens, sheets and bandages almost always came from Miss Neville's own home.

Since those early days, Linda Neville has secured the cooperation of several hospitals in Lexington and Louisville to help with free beds, and few doctors have sent her bills in 40 years. However, there has never been enough money or beds to go around. Even with the help which the State Legislature gave in 1934 to supplement the Mountain Fund, it is still the persistence of the "managin' motherly woman" that performs near miracles with hundreds of cases.

One of the greatest burdens Miss Neville has to bear is the trust and love the mountain people display for her. All of those who "ride the railroads out of the mountains" have implicit faith in Miss Neville's ability to work wonders. Fathers or mothers faithfully sign any papers she presents and place their children confidently in her hands. They ask no questions. It is these people whose hearts she holds in her keeping.

One of Miss Neville's typical cases concerns Claude, age 13, who stayed at her home for three weeks while she faithfully escorted him

each day for his treatments, leading him in and out of offices and up and down stairs until one day Claude opened his eyes and saw light for the first time. The boy's astonishment was heart-rending. No one could contain him. He dashed madly about, talking wildly of all the things he had heard about but never seen, like "them little old birds," and begging Miss Neville not to tell anyone he was coming home because he wanted to walk the 11 miles over the trail and surprise everybody.

When at last the time came for him to leave, it was near Christmas. Miss Neville asked: "Claude, what are you going to do on Christmas Day?" He replied proudly: "I was always just a-sittin' in the chimney corner before, but this year I'm a-goin' to shoot me some rabbits."



Linda Neville has always given her time and energy to help promote or write any bill for the betterment of her people. Two of the laws in which she has taken particular interest strike at the cause of blindness and have aided greatly in cutting down its prevalence. The first, passed in 1914, requires that all babies born with diseased eyes be reported at once to the Board of Health. The second, passed in 1938, requires health certificates with every marriage license.

One of the greatest joys of Miss Neville's life is "her son" David, who was brought to her, blind, when he was only seven days old. His mother had died at his birth and his father was unable to care for him. Miss Neville continued to

keep him in her home, nursing and caring for him. By the time he was eight months old she had decided to keep him, although the decision was a difficult one. She was getting along in years and worried sometimes about what would happen to David when she passed on. She worried, too, about his being a sad and unhappy child—"so different from other children."

But Miss Neville worried in vain. David is 12 now, and there is no happier child. Never having known sight, he doesn't realize the tragedy of blindness. He romps around the big house, all over the huge lawn, and out and down his block. His devotion to "his mother" is a beautiful thing.

Today, she and David live in the old family house. Linda Neville has given almost all her personal wealth to the cause for which she has fought. For 35 years, she never received a penny, personally, for any of her work. Her hair is white, her step slowed somewhat, but her energy is unflagging. She still works night and day, and has never been known to turn down anyone.

Her home looks like an auction sale for discarded toys. The front hall alone contains bicycles, tricycles, dolls, roller skates, footballs

and teddy bears "for her children." In the past few years, to supplement her income, she has rented rooms to two young couples, and their children added to her children make the old house sound like a nursery. To add to the confusion, the phone rings constantly as doctors and settlement workers call to ask Miss Neville for information on a particular case.

She is brisk and competent, and dispatches cases with the ease of a veteran. Scattered throughout her house are books with personal records of her work. They contain more than 2,000 case histories.

In writing an account of the Dana Medal award, Dr. P. E. Blackerby said of Miss Neville: "Many adults suffering from trachoma, glaucoma and cataracts, unable to secure relief for themselves, have found in Miss Neville a patron saint ready and anxious to bring them under the healing hands of capable doctors."

An even more fitting tribute to her was paid when Linda Neville received the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Medallion from the University of Kentucky. Engraved on the medallion were these words: "And never was anything seen so artistic as a beautiful life."



Something New in Animals

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Johnnie had been taken to the zoo to see the animals for the first time.

He stood before the spotted leopard's cage for a few minutes

staring intently and silently. Then, turning to his mother, he asked: "Say, Mom, is that the dotted lion that everybody wants Dad to sign on?"

—Capper's Weekly

Carols for Travelers



Mary Lee Read's music spreads warmth
and good cheer through Grand Central

by ELEANORE STAFFORD

TO STRANGERS, New York City is a place where people have little time for friendliness and relaxation. Hence, many visitors are surprised to find an oasis of warmth in one of Manhattan's busiest spots, Grand Central Station, during the hectic Christmas days.

For two weeks during the holiday season, the rich tones of an organ fill the vast station every afternoon, in a smooth flow of carols and Christmas melodies. The hurrying people (nearly 1,000,000 pass through Grand Central daily) slow their pace and look up to the

mezzanine. They are surprised to see that the organist is a smiling gray-haired woman who looks like the typical American grandmother.

Since 1928, Mary Lee Read has been the organist at Grand Central. Her work is not confined to Christmas time, but extends to the days around Thanksgiving, Easter and National Music Week, making Grand Central one of the few railroad terminals in the world to offer public music during four months of the year.

Mrs. Read does not believe in doing things halfway: she is a one-woman corporation, performing all the duties from janitor to business

manager. She arranges her concerts, writes posters, places notices in suitable spots, and does it all with a deceptively innocent look which masks her alert mind and unlimited self-confidence.

Mrs. Read's unusual occupation had its beginning on a cold rainy night in Pittsburgh more than 25 years ago, when she was en route to that city for concert work. She found a telegram awaiting her at the station, saying that her mother was dying and that she must return to Denver immediately. As there was no train for two hours, Mrs. Read had to sit in the lonely station with her young daughter.

After she arrived home, she did not forget those trying hours, and determined to do something to provide a feeling of companionship for other lonely travelers. Soon she called at the station manager's office and convinced him of the merit of her plan. For the next seven years, Mrs. Read played during holiday seasons for all who passed through the Denver station.

The success of her project did not surprise anybody who really knew Mary Lee Read. When her husband died, she plunged into the business of supporting herself by selling pianos. She also found time to play the piano, harp and organ at public recitals and for hospital patients. After her Denver activities

became well-known, she decided to devote all her time to bringing music to the public.

In 1928 she moved to New York to spend seven months a year in the same pursuits which had kept her busy in Denver. Along with her recitals in Grand Central, she went from church to school, from hospital to charitable institution, with the same smiling confidence.

The busiest years of her life were the early 1940s, when millions of servicemen and women passed through Grand Central. To them, she brought a trace of home, exploring her repertoire to answer each request, ranging from Bach to Berlin. Soon, her fan mail included grateful letters from APOs from Salerno to Calcutta.

Perhaps Mrs. Read's chief asset is her ability to express in simple terms her religious convictions, imbuing listeners with warmth and hope. To those who stop briefly to join in a carol or to listen to the majestic organ, the music is the voice of the composer; to those who have had the good fortune to meet and know Mrs. Read, the music reveals her philosophy.

"If the world is to know real peace," she says, "it will come only through giving Christ, the Prince of Peace, to all the people and making them realize that trust in Him is their basic need."



How to Be Invisible

"TELL ME, DEAR FAIRY," said little Alice, "how do you manage never to be seen by people, even though they walk right past you every day?"

"I lend them money," replied the fairy.

—ISABEL WINSLETTE

I Neglected My Parents

Here is the moving story of a son who recognized his filial obligations too late

ANONYMOUS

EVEN AS THE AIR LINER carried me halfway across the country, back to the city where I had grown up, I refused to worry. My mother was still a relatively young woman, I told myself, and pneumonia was no longer the dreaded killer it had once been.

True, I felt a pang of anxiety when my father was not at the airport to meet me, but it was only when I reached the hospital and saw my mother lying white and still that panic arose within me.

As if through a curtain I recognized the grave face of the doctor who had seen me through childhood's minor crises. Then I saw my father—how thin and gray and stooped—come toward me. His hand clutched mine.

"She . . . she's been unconscious for three days. I'm glad you've come, son, but I'm afraid you're too late."

I pressed my father's hand. "Don't worry, Dad," I told him. "She'll be all right."

Then, almost like a miracle, it happened. My mother's eyes fluttered open and a smile crossed her face. "John," she said. "I thought I heard your voice."

The doctor stepped forward, placed his hand on my mother's wrist. Then I saw a quick glance pass between him and my father. Quietly they both left the room, the nurse following.

In one step I was kneeling beside my mother's bed. Words poured from my mouth as I fumbled to explain why it was so long a time since I had been home. I heard myself mouthing platitudes about business, about the pressure of work. But even as I spoke, I knew the words were meaningless.

When I had last seen my mother, she had still been a beautiful woman. Now she was wasted and thin. The capable hands that had cooked, gardened, mended, washed and ironed—hands that had done as many thousand menial tasks as they had performed acts of kindness—



lay like two pieces of white china against the sheets.

"John," she said, and I had to bend close to hear, "in the bottom drawer of the big chest . . . in my room . . . you'll find a box. Things . . . I've saved. I thought Johnny or Joan might like to have some of the things their Daddy had . . . when he was a little boy."

Then she smiled, it was like a light going on in the darkness. A lump rose in my throat. "The children have grown so," I said hastily. "You wouldn't know them. Johnnie's up to my shoulder and Joan . . ."

I never finished the sentence, for the light in my mother's face dimmed. Once more she had lapsed into unconsciousness.

The next few hours I walked the corridors of the hospital or sat silently with my father beside her bed, praying that once more she would awaken. There were so many things I wanted to tell her—about the house we were planning to build, where there would at last be plenty of room for her and Dad to stay when they came to visit—about the big case I had tried before the Circuit Court of Appeals—about how pretty Joan had become.

But I had waited too long to tell of our small successes. Having once more heard her son's voice, my mother never awakened again. . . .

NOT UNTIL THE DAY after the funeral did I remember the box. Memories that had been crowding me and that I had resolutely tried to ignore, pushed closer. The door to my mother's room was open and as I stepped inside I half expected to see her rise from her rocker to welcome me. But the room was



empty. Only a gentle breeze billowed the curtains at the window.

I opened the bottom of the chest, but before I could pick up the box, my eye caught a soft, lavender sweater in the same drawer. It still bore the card, "Merry Christmas to Mother from John and Sally." There was also a lavender knitted scarf, a lavender bed jacket. There was sachet and cologne; slippers, bedsocks and pocketbooks.

Suddenly I realized that not only had I given my mother the sweater, I had given her *all* these things—and she had never worn them. I was standing there, puzzled, when I heard the voice downstairs of Mrs. Stevens, one of mother's oldest friends. I asked her to come up and pointed to the drawer.

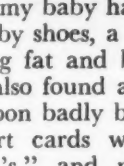
"Mother never wore these things I gave her. Why?"

A smile broke over Mrs. Stevens' large, placid face. "Bless her, she couldn't stand lavender—either the color or the smell. Said it was an old lady's color!"

Mrs. Stevens picked up the sweater, held it against her own ample frame. "It's lovely, John. It really is. But your mother liked *bright* colors."

Then Mrs. Stevens bustled off, saying she had left a cake on the kitchen table.

Thoughtfully I returned the



sweater to the drawer, then picked up the small box. Inside were a lock of my baby hair, a pair of crushed baby shoes, a picture of myself sitting fat and bare in a washbowl. I also found a toy or two, a baby spoon badly bent, a few of my report cards with a sprinkling of "A's," and my high-school and college diplomas.

The box also contained a string of crystal beads, obviously from the dime store, that I'd given my mother for her birthday years ago; a bronze medal I'd won in an oratorical contest; a story clipped from the newspaper when I'd become an Eagle Scout.

Then there were the letters, neatly tied with white tape. The one on top was written in a scrawling slant of misspelled words, blistered with tears. I was ten years old when I wrote it. I was spending my first summer at camp. I was homesick. I wanted to come home.

And then, as I held the letter in my hand, I could remember with startling clarity the reply that came from my mother a few days later. "Stick it out, son, until the end of the week. Then, if you aren't happy, Daddy will bring you home."

Of course, by the end of the week I was happy—as my mother, in her wisdom, had known I would be.

The last letter in the pile was dated just a month ago. The stationery was not blistered with a small boy's tears, but heavily water-marked. "I had planned to be with you on your birthday, but we are having such a rush of work that I think I'd better put off my visit until fall. Tell Dad I'm still planning on that fishing trip, if I can ever get away."

Standing there in my mother's room that day, I took stock of myself. To the people most responsible for my success, I had accorded less kindness than I did to my casual business acquaintances. I had accepted as my just due an education that they could ill afford to give me.

In college I had been a big man on the campus—but not too big to send home each week a laundry bag of clothes for my mother to wash and iron. And on graduation, when my parents' usefulness was over, I left home for good.

Of course, I wrote letters. There were the stacks in the box to prove it. And I was generous. I always remembered, with the help of my secretary, to send gifts for birthdays and all the special holidays—elaborate gifts that were never used but proved what an important man I had become.

But remembrance of my generosity did not improve my frame of mind. I had the uneasy feeling that the string of cheap crystal beads, which I'd foregone some small pleasure to buy, had meant more to my mother than the handsome amethyst brooch I had sent for her last birthday. And that my father would gladly have exchanged the quilted smoking jacket I'd given him for a wire that said: "Drop everything. Fish biting at Silver Lake. Meet me there Saturday."

I tried to remind myself that in all the really big things, I had been a good son. I was honest, a good citizen, a good father, an able lawyer. I had married a nice girl. I was raising nice children. In all these ways I had brought credit to my parents. But the fact still remained that I had denied them the

one thing they wanted most—a little more of myself.

Perhaps tears came to my eyes that day. I do not remember. I only know that, as the room fell into darkness, I resolved to bring my father as much happiness as I could in the remaining years of his life. Yet when I urged him to make his home with us, he refused. "This is my home," he said quietly. "Mother and I were happy here. But I will come soon, perhaps, just to visit."

AFTER I RETURNED home, I wrote my father faithfully, and he in return wrote me brave little letters, telling me how well he was getting along. The woman who for years had helped my mother with housework came in daily and cooked his evening meal. He played chess or pinochle once or twice a week with a neighbor, and friends often invited him for Sunday dinner.

On my next business trip, I planned it so that I could stop overnight and see father. Although I found him thinner and more frail, I could see that he was beginning to adjust himself to life alone—and the light in his eyes when he greeted me was thanks enough for my coming.

Next morning, I had only a few hours before my train left, but to my surprise my father asked me to go downtown with him. We made several stops—the banks, the seed store and a shop or two—before I realized the purpose of the trip. I smiled inwardly. My father was "showing me off."

"This is my son," he would say with quiet pride. "This is my boy, from New York."

On the train going home, I reflected that the time we spent together that morning had made me aware of something more than my father's pride in me. Although he had never been what the world would call a successful man—until his retirement he had owned a small grocery store—I could see that he had achieved something far more important than success.

That morning, people had stopped on the street to greet him, and children had run after him, calling his name. The president of the bank had treated him with as much respect as had the section hand at the grade crossing.

A short time later, my father came to spend a month with us. The children were charmed with him. His fascinating stories about his boyhood in Missouri were endless; he knew how to make a whistle from a willow branch; he could carve doll furniture from bits of an orange crate; he made a bag swing for the children and hung it from a huge oak in the back yard.

He pottered in the garden and built a trellis for the roses. Odd jobs about the house that had been accumulating for years were done with neatness and efficiency—all of which endeared him to Sally. And whenever I could pry him away from the garden or the children, I took him downtown and introduced him to my friends. Everywhere we went, the pride in my voice matched his when I turned to the silver-haired man in the neat gray suit at my side and said, "This is my father."

Since that day, we have met in New York for a World Series; another time he joined me in Chicago

for a football game; we even got in our Minnesota fishing trip. And after each outing my father has gone back home, shoulders a little straighter, eyes a little brighter.

Today, he is proud of his independence and of his "roomers" — the three young men who have taken over the top floor of the old house for an apartment. He has come out of "retirement" and spends a few hours each day in the old store, scooping up jelly beans for his young friends or passing tobacco across the counter to his old ones.

He is proud of his son, his son's wife and his grandchildren, and we are proud of him. But I, personally, am not only proud but wiser. For I have learned that there is wisdom to be found in the aged—especially when you are sitting on the back porch, indulging in quiet talk. It is

then that you learn enduring lessons in kindliness, patience and understanding.

Although I have enjoyed the deep satisfaction that comes from repaying, in some small part, the many sacrifices that my father made for me, I am only sorry that the knowledge I now have did not come to me while my mother lived. I keep thinking of the letters that I might have written, of the pictures I might have sent, of the hours I might have spent with her. And often I think of those persons, luckier than I, whose parents are both still living.

That is why, each Christmas, I send my mother's friend, Mrs. Stevens, the brightest and gayest gift I can find. But for her, the knowledge of what I was missing might have come too late.

Conversation



Stoppers

IN THEIR SEARCH to find a summer-home location near a fishing stream, a middle-aged couple had stopped at an old Wyoming cow town in the foothills of the Rockies. While having gas put in his car, the husband stopped a native, an old-timer, and asked, "Do you know anything about the country above here?"

"Do I!" replied the latter, waving at the mountain slope. "I've rode every foot of that range. Yep, used to run one of the biggest cow outfits up there." Then, quite proudly, he added: "Fact is, I was runnin' it when it went broke."

—Wall Street Journal

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A YOUNG WOMAN just home from college enthusiastic about the benefits of physical culture, said to her father: "Just watch this exercise. To develop the arms, I grip the rod by one end and move it slowly from left to right."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father. "What won't science discover next! If that rod had straw at the other end, you'd be sweeping."

—Empire Digest



What became of the remains of Peking Man after Pearl Harbor? Scientists of the world will acclaim the one who can solve that mystery

MISSING: One Skull

by MILTON SILVERMAN

SOMEWHERE IN THE FAR EAST, the location of its resting place sealed behind dead men's lips, lies the key to one of history's weirdest missing-person mysteries.

Probably by accident, someone in the future will stumble over a pair of dust-covered foot lockers cached in a forgotten hiding place. When news of the contents reaches the outside world, scientists will applaud this unknown detective-hero of tomorrow. For inside these two brassbound boxes are the remains of a man who "disappeared" 750,000 years ago, was rediscovered early in the 20th century and then was lost again shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

This missing person is Peking Man, one of our earliest known ancestors and one of the first to resemble man more than ape.

The story begins half a century ago, at the end of the Boxer Rebel-

lion, when American and European troops were sent into China to keep the peace. With a contingent of German soldiers assigned to Peking (now Peiping) was a young doctor who relieved the monotony of treating typhoid and dysentery by searching for prehistoric fossils.

"Go to the Chinese drugstores," friends told him. "Often they receive shipments of fossils which they sell to the natives as 'dragon bones' to cure disease."

For several months he made the rounds of Peking pharmacies, buying fossilized remnants of mastodons, wolves, dwarf deer and various birds. Then one day he was offered what was obviously a tooth.

"Very rare tooth," said the shopkeeper. "Tooth of exceptionally excellent dragon."

"Hum-m," muttered the doctor. "Where was it found?"

"Not many miles from Peking,

but I do not know exactly where."

The tooth had obviously rested in some rocky deposit for scores of thousands of years—and yet it bore a startling similarity to human teeth of today.

The young physician bought the fossil and sent it to a professor at Munich. In 1903, the professor announced his nebulous decision: "This is probably a molar tooth. I think it is probably human. But its geological age is very uncertain."

Even the source of the tooth was open to question. Maybe it really had been found in North China, but perhaps it had been unearthed in Tibet or Burma or Afghanistan, and then passed from one trader to another until it reached the Chinese drugstore.

About 1920, a 36-year-old Canadian neuroanatomist, Dr. Davidson Black, arrived in Peking to pick up the search. "I'm positive that ancient man used to live somewhere in North China, perhaps near Peking," he said. "I intend looking for his fossils."

Black had come to China to teach in the Rockefeller-financed Peking Union Medical College, under Dr. Henry S. Houghton. With Chinese, Swedish and German workers, he spent his spare time searching in one spot after another for the long-dead owner of the tooth. The scientists examined tons of fossil material; they went out into the hills and prowled through old caves and pits.

Then, in 1921, another ape-man tooth showed up in the Peking drug marts. This second fossil specimen, it was claimed, had definitely come from Peking's environs.

"Here is primitive man!" the fossil hunters crowed. "Now, all we have to do is find the rest of him."

In 1923, they looked into some limestone quarries about 35 miles southwest of Peking, near the village of Choukoutien. Reputedly an excellent source of "dragon bones," here was a treasure house of fossils. And here, with their own hands, they found another tooth.

Black rushed to Houghton with the news. "This is it!" he cried. "We've got it!"

"Got what?"

"The place where our prehistoric man lived!" Black replied. "We've got to go back and do some real digging. We'll need men, equipment—and money."

The Rockefeller Foundation agreed to finance a special "pre-historic man" laboratory at the medical school, and the Chinese Government set aside the Choukoutien site for scientific investigation. In 1927, excavation began on one of the limestone hills.

ALL THROUGH THE SPRING, the scientists sent the best fossil specimens to the laboratory at Peking. Then the Chinese government urged that the work be halted.

"Bandits are coming into that region," officials said. "We cannot guarantee the safety of foreigners."

Torn between fears for the fossil hunters' welfare and his keen interest in their progress, Houghton delayed the recall from day to day. Finally he felt forced to call a halt.

"I can't let this go on any longer," he told the men. "After all, I'm responsible for your safety. You'll just have to stop."

"How about one more week?" a

Swedish scientist asked. "Let us work seven more days, and then we promise to quit."

For four days, stones, chips and dust came streaming out of the holes. Then, on October 16, 1927, the Swede looked at the face of a cliff just exposed by coolie workmen. There he spotted another tooth—"a beautifully fossilized left molar"—the very sort on which the theory of a complete new kind of man might be constructed.

In his laboratory, Black spent a month appraising this last discovery. Then, risking his reputation, he announced that this tooth had come not from an ape but from a man-like animal—a new genus to be named *Sinanthropus*. The full name of this mostly missing person was *Sinanthropus pekinensis*—Peking Man.

In a year, with the bandits ousted from Choukoutien, the scientists went back to work and dug deeper. Soon, one scientist found fragments of a skullcap, another found a well-preserved cranium.

These fossils were given to Black, who restored them sufficiently to give the first rough idea of Peking Man's shape. Additional pieces were found later, and were used for the final reconstruction by Dr. Franz Weidenreich, who succeeded Black after the Canadian died in 1934.

Peking Man was moderately tall—about as big as present-day Japanese or Eskimos. His forehead was slanted, his eyes were protected by apelike bony ridges, and his expression was one which only his mother could love. Scientists estimated that he lived between 500,000 and 1,000,000 years ago.

More ancient than the Neanderthal Man and perhaps even the

Heidelberg Man, he was probably a contemporary of the Java Man—*Pithecanthropus erectus*—who at that time was known only through a few fragmentary skull fossils. Journalists widely and enthusiastically acclaimed him as the "Missing Link."

By 1941, scientists had unearthed fragments from about 40 people—Peking Man, Peking Woman, and Peking Junior. Most of this material was kept at the Peking school, but for the benefit of scientists elsewhere, many fossils were reproduced in plaster casts and sent all over the world.

SIX MONTHS BEFORE Pearl Harbor, Chinese officials began to express fears that the Japanese might have ideas about the Peking Man fossils. From Chungking, where the Chinese Government was taking a beating from Jap bombing planes, the Minister of Commerce and Industry asked Houghton to "take steps."

"I hope," wrote Dr. Wong Wen-hao, "that you can devise some way to get those priceless fossils to the United States, where they can be kept for the Chinese Government in safety."

Houghton relayed the news to Col. William W. Ashurst, commanding U. S. Marines in North China.

"How big a pile do these fossils make?" asked the Colonel.

"They are already packed in two small trunks."

"All right, I'll help. We're expecting to be recalled soon. If you turn the trunks over to me, I'll take them out of the country, as my personal foot lockers."

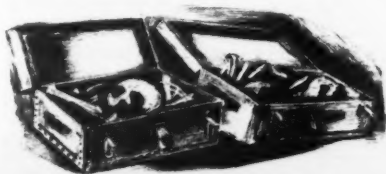
In November, the fossils were taken from the college and deliv-

ered to Ashurst's quarters. In their place, Houghton and the college comptroller, Trevor Bowen, substituted plaster casts. Then, with the rest of the Marine baggage, the fossils were taken to the wharf and left under armed guard. In a few days, the *S.S. President Harrison* would call at Chinwangtao and move men and baggage out of China.

But the *Harrison* never came. Moving quickly on Pearl Harbor morning, the Japs captured the ship off Chinwangtao and seized Ashurst and his men. At 8 o'clock, the Japs also arrested Houghton, Bowen and Dr. J. Leighton Stuart, president of Yenching University.

These three men, all in their sixties, were not beaten—at least, for the time being—and were given adequate food. Houghton and Bowen occasionally—and quietly—discussed the possible whereabouts of the Peking Man fossils. Perhaps they were still on the wharf; perhaps they had been seized by the Japs; perhaps they were safe in friendly hands. But the prisoners were positive the Japs would not discover that the original fossils had been removed from Peking.

"After all," Bowen said, "the casts left in their place are so fine that only a scientist could tell them from the originals." And it seemed incomprehensible that, in the midst of a bitter war, the Japs would have any interest in fossils.



After 18 months of imprisonment, they discovered that they had guessed wrong. A Jap expert on fossils had been brought to Peking, and found that he was looking at plaster casts. This was most embarrassing to the Japanese. Earlier—in 1942—they had taken the casts into custody and announced to the world that the Peking Man skull was safe in Japanese hands.

A Japanese army physician, an old acquaintance of the Americans, came to their prison. "You were in charge of the fossils, and now they are gone," he said. "This is very serious matter. I urgently suggest you provide explanation."

"We don't know anything," the Americans replied.

The physician soon was followed by a Japanese interpreter who quizzed the captives for days. The prisoners still knew nothing. Finally Bowen was taken away. For five days the Japanese gave him the torture treatment. At last he was brought back—still alive. But he confessed that he had been forced to give away the secret.

"Good God, man!" exploded Houghton. "No fossils are that important. Why didn't you tell them at once?"

"Because—because we agreed that we wouldn't tell—"

Bowen survived, and was released with the others after V-J Day. He is still comptroller of Peking Union Medical College. Houghton also survived, and is living at Carmel, California. Stuart resumed his duties as president of Yenching University. In 1947, he moved to Nanking as U. S. Ambassador to China.

But Peking Man has gone. The

Japs searched the wharves at Chinwangtao. They searched the beaches and the warehouses. They re-examined Marine foot lockers from Burma to Wake. Periodically they claimed they had the skull, and that it was reposing safely in Tokyo, but the claims became less and less convincing—even the Japs knew they had nothing but plaster casts.

For scientific purposes, the loss is not particularly important, since experts have photographs, measurements and analyses, and the casts

are good enough for present studies. But for sentimental reasons—and cold-blooded scientists can be quite sentimental—the loss is unparalleled.

Perhaps when unsettled conditions around Peking improve, further excavations can be made in the Choukoutien hills, and other skulls will be found. But it is also possible that no other skull will ever be unearthed. Meanwhile, the Peking Man remains on the list of missing persons.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

How to Spell a Word

(Quiz on page 113)

1-a (all right); 2-b (definitely); 3-c (separate); 4-c (occurrence); 5-d (repetition); 6-a (drunkenness); 7-b (superintendent); 8-c (panicky); 9-d (insistent); 10-c (category); 11-c (vacuum); 12-a (benefited); 13-c (ridiculous); 14-c (occasion); 15-a (tariff); 16-b (genealogy); 17-b (bachelor); 18-d (accommodate); 19-a (comparative); 20-c (existence).

How Is Your Sportsense?

(Quiz on page 151)

The Whistle Blows: 1. boxing; 2. football; 3. snooker; 4. foot races; 5. baseball; 6. badminton, table tennis; 7. basketball; 8. hockey, lacrosse; 9. cribbage; 10. golf.

Your Weapon, Sir: 1. fencing; 2. horse racing; 3. hockey; 4. golf; 5. boxing; 6. cricket; 7. badminton; 8. baseball; 9. curling; 10. angling.

To the Showers: 1. cricket; 2. baseball; 3. basketball; 4. cards; 5. baseball; 6. tennis or badminton; 7. hockey; 8. chess; 9. football; 10. soccer, lacrosse.

Cheering Section: 1. golf; 2. curling; 3. baseball; 4. boxing, wrestling; 5. bridge; 6. fox hunting; 7. chess; 8. tennis, table tennis, badminton, volleyball; 9. cribbage, table tennis, badminton; 10. football.

The Clock Moves On: 1. boxing, golf; 2. cribbage; 3. curling or archery; 4. bowling; 5. tennis; 6. hockey; 7. golf; 8. football; 9. track; 10. bridge.



Life without laughter would be dismal, indeed; so to brighten your horizon we have assembled here some lighter bits from the drama of everyday existence

BRITISH CHAUFFEURS are punctiliously polite to pedestrians, an American traffic expert reports. For example, one Londoner was forced to screech his car to a stop when a scatterbrained woman stepped in front of it and continued to stand there, oblivious to the danger she had so narrowly escaped.

The driver leaned over and politely inquired: "I say, ma'am, may I ask what are your plans?"

—Copper's Weekly



ONE AMUSING STORY of the shallow Missouri in the early days concerns a river steamer that was attempting to scrape its way over a treacherous sand bar. Her engines were straining, her paddle wheels were churning madly, and every member of the crew was holding his breath as the vessel crept inch by inch over the bar.

A recluse living in a solitary cabin on the riverbank chose this moment to come down to the stream's edge for a pail of water. As he turned away with a brimming pail, his action caught the captain's eye.

"Hey," roared the fuming skipper, "you put that water back!"

—BERNARD SOBEL



SOME TIME AGO, Father Edmond Ryan, a Maryknoll Missioner from Massachusetts, was assigned to Yokkaichi, Japan. He was the first resident priest ever to go there and he didn't expect to be well received.

But the Mayor and most of the townspeople turned out to welcome him with handshakes and even cheers. They assured him that they knew all about Catholic clergymen. They had seen Bing Crosby in *Going My Way* and Gregory Peck in *The Keys of the Kingdom*.

—Rewritten from *The Catholic Digest*



THE SMALL, ANTIQUATED hotel catered chiefly to old folks as its permanent guests—mostly widows, widowers, spinsters and bachelors. As one might imagine, the business of one guest was the concern and conversation of the others.

This was breathlessly true when the hotel's first intramural wedding was announced. Venerable Miss S., to the surprise and tongue wagging of all, agreed to become the bride of Mr. M., who had also reached his fourscore and—. No one could figure it out. Why, why, why? Finally, the question was put to Miss S. by a

battery of rocking-chair gossips. She readily told them.

"It's what I've always wanted here," she explained. "I'm marrying him because he has the largest room and the most closet space!"

—JACK SEAMAN



THE VERY DIGNIFIED lady entered a bookshop and announced that she was looking for something "new and good" to read. The proprietor suggested Pat Frank's *Mr. Adam*.

"What's it about?" she asked.

"Well," said the bookseller, "an atom bomb suddenly renders every male in the world completely sterile—everyone but a single fortunate chap, that is, who was working deep in a mine shaft at the time of the explosion, and emerges with his powers unimpaired. You can imagine the spot in which he finds himself then!"

"It sounds very interesting," agreed the dignified lady. "Tell me, is it fiction or nonfiction?"

—BENNETT CERF in 1,000 Jokes



A GANG OF TELEPHONE linemen were busy putting up telephone poles through a farmer's field when the indignant farmer appeared, saw what they were doing, and ordered them off his land. The line foreman then produced a document showing that the telephone company had been granted right of way to string a line through the property.

Still seething with righteous rage, the farmer was unimpressed. But he presently disappeared and the linemen went back to work.

A few moments later they were again interrupted—this time by a vicious bull charging at them from the rear. In their haste to retreat, they might not have noticed the old farmer sitting calmly on the fence observing the whole encounter. But as they raced past him, he shouted happily:

"Why don't you show him your papers, boys?"

—OLLIE JAMES ROBERTSON



ON A CROSS-TOWN bus the other night, a woman said to the conductor, "I suppose if I pay the fare for my dog he will be treated like the other passengers and be allowed to occupy a seat."

"Of course, Madame," replied the conductor. "He will be treated the same as other passengers and can occupy a seat, provided he does not put his feet on it!"

—MARJORIE MILLER



WHEN A NEW YORK MAN inherited a fortune, he started to fulfill his lifelong desire to lead an orchestra. He hired 35 musicians: a drummer, a saxophonist, and 33 violinists. At their first rehearsal, he conducted so poorly that the drummer asked the other men to quit with him.

"No. He's paying us well," said one violinist. "And I'm sure he must know something about music."

When they resumed, the conductor couldn't keep time. The enraged drummer started to beat his drums furiously. The conductor tapped for silence, and asked: "Who did that?"

—Copper's Weekly

Adventures of Amnesiacs



Loss of memory can last a day or a lifetime, sometimes with strange results

by HARRY B. WILSON

THE PRETTY young blonde was tearful and confused. "All of a sudden," she told a sympathetic policeman, "I found myself driving along a North Hollywood street in a strange car. The last thing I remember before that was finding my husband dead."

His sudden death, she was sure, had taken place the preceding November. But what had she done and where had she been in the ten months since? She didn't know.

A few hours later she was even more distressed. A complete stranger took her in his arms and identified her as his bride of four months. She was shown clothes and luggage that she knew were her own. They were in an apartment she did not recognize, although she had lived there with her second husband.

When she looked in a mirror to rearrange her hair, she recoiled in fresh surprise. "My hair should be brown," she sobbed.

The young woman had good rea-

son to be bewildered. The shock of her first husband's death had temporarily destroyed her memory. During the next ten months, knowing nothing of her past, she wandered to Los Angeles, dyed her hair, married and began an entirely new life. Then her buried memories came alive, and when they did, she forgot all about her Los Angeles experiences.

Psychiatrists knew she was suffering from the oddest of all mental disorders—amnesia or loss of memory. She was one of thousands who every year plunge abruptly into a new and frightening world, without a name, an identity or a recollection of home.

The unique forgetfulness that is amnesia can last for a day or a lifetime. It will obliterate everything in one victim's past, as it did with the young woman, and blot out only a few hours or a single experience in another's. Except for their crippled memories, amnesiacs usually are quite normal. They sel-

dom lose well-learned skills, like reading, writing and driving a car.

Many "missing persons" are amnesiacs. Ridden by fear of what they can't remember, they flee their jobs, families and homes. Not all come to the attention of police or go to a psychiatrist. Some drift around until their memories return. Then they pick up their lives where they left them and say nothing about the strange interlude.

So many things cause amnesia that, potentially, it can happen to anybody. If you "draw a blank" after a night of too-enthusiastic drinking, you have a mild form known as toxic amnesia. A head injury can induce a much more severe kind, called traumatic amnesia.

The amnesia that attracts most attention, however, has no known physical cause. It is psychoneurotic in origin and closely related to hysteria. As far as medical science can determine, the nerve cells of the brain are unimpaired. In other words, the memories are there, but the amnesiac cannot lift them into consciousness.

Like most neurotic disorders, hysterical amnesia appears when a person is caught in an emotional storm that he cannot weather. Psychiatrists explain that the amnesiac is one who is not strong enough to face reality. So nature steps in. The brain spares him further torment by slamming the door on his memory.

THE BEST-KNOWN AMNESIAC of modern times was the late Rudolf Hess, Hitler's beetle-browed alter ego. In October, 1945, Hess was awaiting trial in Nuremberg as a major war criminal when he startled his prosecutors by announcing

he could remember nothing. Brought before Goering, von Papen and other old comrades, he stared blankly at each. Shown newsreels taken during his days of Nazi power, he said: "I must have been there, but I don't remember."

A board of American psychiatrists decided that Hess was not able to conduct or assist in his own defense. But ten days later, at a sanity hearing, he claimed that his amnesia had been faked. There was no question but that his memory was again in order and its return cost Hess his life. Yet most of the doctors were convinced that, while it lasted, his amnesia was genuine.

Overwork that seems to be falling short of success can bring on amnesia. In 1932, Raymond Robins, Prohibition leader and philanthropist, vanished while en route to Washington to visit President Hoover. Robins was last seen when he checked out of the City Club in New York after an exhausting tour of 286 cities, where he made speeches in behalf of Prohibition.

While police investigated reports that he had been kidnaped by rum-runners, Robins strayed into Whittier, an isolated village in North Carolina's Great Smoky Mountains. His memory gone, he took a room in a boardinghouse under the name of Reynolds Rogers.

Two months later, Robins was recognized by the town barber, who had seen his picture in newspapers. When Mrs. Robins rushed to North Carolina to identify her husband, he was puzzled but polite. "I don't know the lady," he said. But within a few days he was himself again.

During World War II, victims of

traumatic amnesia had some amazing experiences. One GI woke up in a Nazi hospital. The only thing he remembered was that he had landed in Normandy some months before. He was sure that he was an American and thought his home was in New York. But he didn't know his name and his "dog tags" had been lost.

Despite his amnesia, the GI escaped to the Russian lines and enrolled in a Cossack regiment. He fought into Berlin with the Russians, then rejoined his own army. His identity remained a mystery until his fingerprints were checked.



Auto accidents leave many people with memory complications. A 23-year-old Oklahoman woke up in a hospital in a strange city with his past a blank. Nobody could be found to identify him. When he left the hospital he adopted the name of Charles F. Brown and moved to Dupon, Illinois. Seventeen years later a man hailed him on the street and insisted that Brown was his boyhood friend, Vern Creath. Investigation proved the identification to be correct.

Many amnesiacs snap back when their minds are tickled by some link with their pasts. A piano teacher remembered who he was when he heard Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. A woman was cured by the telephone ringing. She had been waiting anxiously for a call from her fiancé when amnesia closed in.

One amnesiac literally found himself. When he asked police in Pasadena, California, for help, questioning revealed that he was an authority on agricultural facts and figures. He could describe the con-

dition of the wheat crop in every county in Kansas, but could not identify himself.

Several days later he was leafing through some old magazines when he saw his own picture in one of them. He was S. H. Boon of Washington, D. C., a Department of Agriculture statistician.

The cure of severe cases of hysterical amnesia is not the problem it once was. The psychiatrists' principal weapon used to be hypnosis, but recently two barbiturate drugs, sodium pentothal and sodium amytal, have been employed with outstanding success.

Both are sedatives with a hypnotic effect. An injection of either puts the patient in a semi-dream state by depressing the reasoning functions in the cortex, top layer of the brain. This releases the amnesiac's inhibitions in much the same way that alcohol does. It lulls the fears, anxieties and feelings of guilt that have blocked his memory.

Under the influence of one of these remarkable drugs, the amnesiac sometimes re-acts the incident that brought about his breakdown. If it was a violent one, he will yell, scream, swing his arms wildly. After talking and acting out his troubles, the amnesiac falls asleep. Generally he wakes with his memory intact.

A young B-24 gunner who came down with amnesia after the costly raid on the Ploesti oil fields was given an injection of sodium pentothal. As the drug took effect, he began to talk out his experiences during the flight.

Shouting and gesturing, he told how, just before the plane dropped its bombs, he had seen an old man

come out of a building below and run across the yard.

He was sure that the old man had been killed. Then, sobbing, he described how the plane in which his best friend was flying had been shot down over the target. After treatment with sodium pentothal, the young airman made a complete recovery.

An amnesiac generally takes up simpler work after his breakdown. Businessmen become laborers or farm hands. Cowboys with Oxford accents and cultivated manners were not uncommon in the Old

West. Psychiatrists believe most of them were amnesiacs.

Because amnesia can be used as a convenient excuse for just about anything, attempts to fake it are not unusual. Bigamists, in particular, often say they married their second wives while suffering from forgetfulness about the one they already had. Sometimes they are telling the truth—but psychiatrists always examine them with suspicion, which is hard on the bigamists, since it is as difficult to fool a psychiatrist about amnesia as it is a physician about a broken leg.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, of CORONET Magazine, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1948, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of CORONET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Gordon Carroll; Managing Editor, Jerome Beatty, Jr.; Business Manager, John Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. That the owner is: Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. Stockholders: City National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, T/A with David A. Smart dated 10/6/1942, known as Trust No. 22335; Trust Department, 208 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Joan Elden Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, U/T/A dated 8/30/1945 with Arnold Gingrich "T", 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, U/T/A dated 8/30/1945 with Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich "T", 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Alfred R. Pastel, Steep Hill Road, Westport, Connecticut; Alfred Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; Louis Smart, 179 E. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois; Sue Smart Trust, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Edgar G. Richards, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Florence Richards, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company, 231 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. John Smart, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1948.

(SEAL) Kay Marten. (My commission expires March 13, 1952.)

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 A Gem from the
Coronet Story Teller



Forgotten Man of Mercy

IN THE YEAR 1864, a young Swiss banker named Henri Dunant was one of the most influential men in Europe. Ever since he had witnessed the bloody Battle of Solferino in 1859, and given succor to the wounded, Dunant had spent much of his fortune and most of his time publicizing his dream for a more humane world.

Now, in 1864, delegates of nearly every country in Europe met at Geneva to sign a pact which would make his dream come true—which would establish a permanent international organization to care for the sick and wounded during war, and to alleviate human suffering everywhere.

But for Henri Dunant the cost had been great. Too much of his energy and money had gone into his crusade. His new humanitarian organization was thriving, but his business was failing. In 1867, he was declared bankrupt. Taking refuge in the slums of Paris, Dunant was soon forgotten. For years no one knew where he was. The newspapers announced that he was dead.

Then, in 1895, almost 30 years later, a Swiss newspaperman visited a home for the aged in Heiden, an Alpine village. He interviewed an old man there—a man named Henri Dunant—and went away to write a story that made front-page news everywhere and brought immediate action.

Nations all over the world offered aid and honor to the old man. The Empress of Russia bestowed a life pension. The Swiss Diet awarded him a prize. Societies throughout the world appointed him to honorary membership. And in 1901, he shared in the first Nobel Peace Prize.

All because a Swiss newspaperman discovered a poverty-stricken old man and wrote these words to introduce his story:

"The founder of the Red Cross is alive and in need!"

—KERMIT RAYBORN

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